The SPHERE

Vol. CXXI. No. 1577 APRIL 12, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Doctors say it must be
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THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN

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GRAND LUXE
Le Touquet ★ France
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The Hotel is open throughout the year

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Extra Dry for England
THE MERIT OF A COCKTAIL IS DISTINCTION. A DASH OF THIS LIQUEUR GIVES IT.

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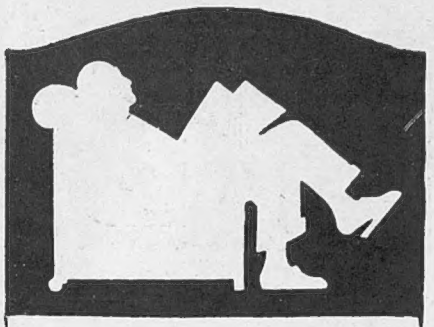

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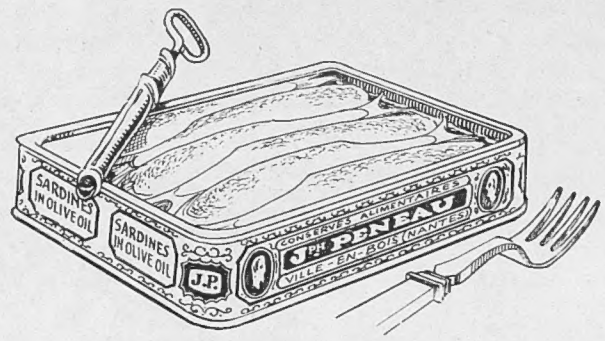

The best sardines are caught off the Coast of France—plump and delicately flavoured. The pick of the haul caught from the little seaports situated on the French Coast, comes to you packed in tins and preserved in olive oil under the name PENEAU. Always ask for PENEAU—there is no other way in which you can be sure of enjoying the finest sardines.

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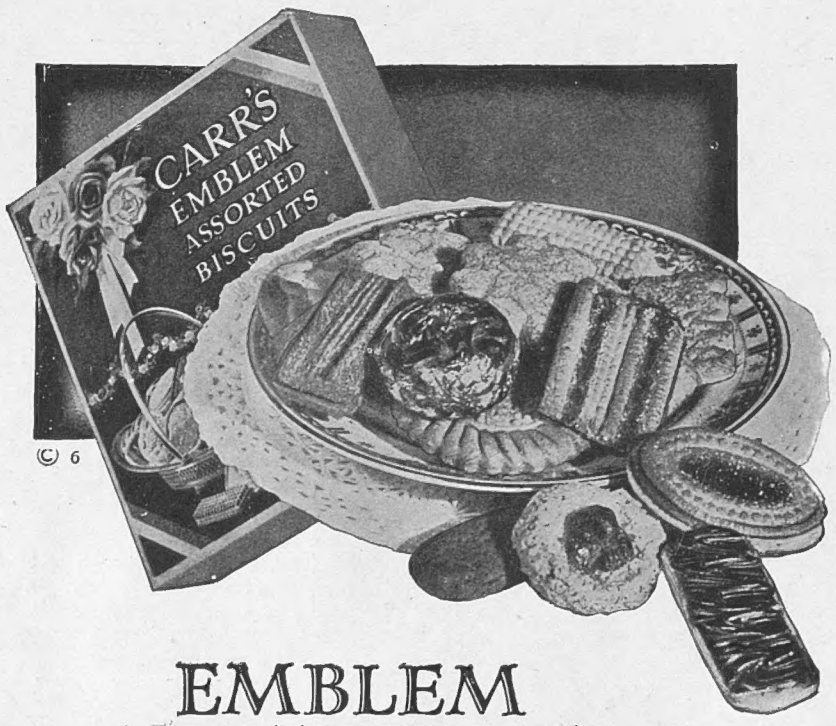

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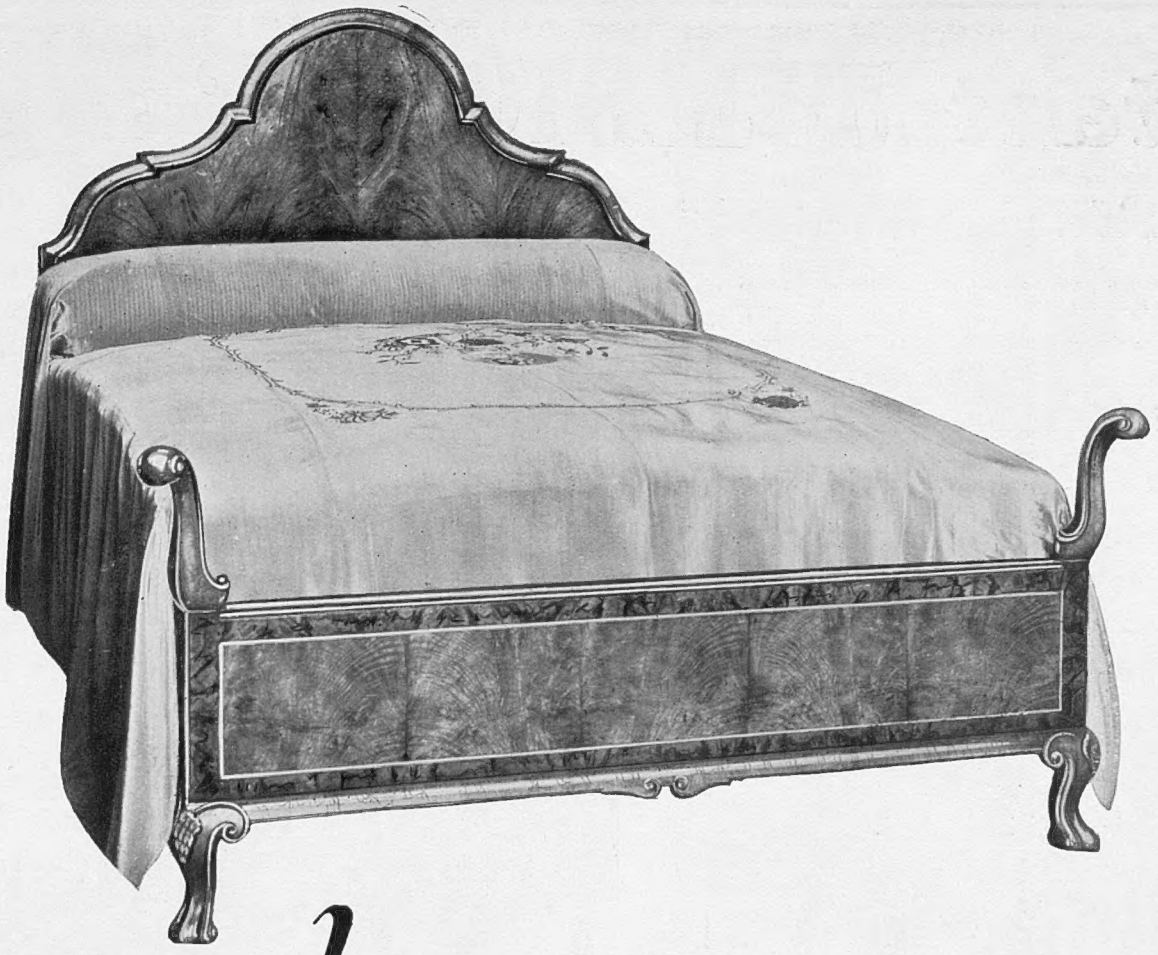

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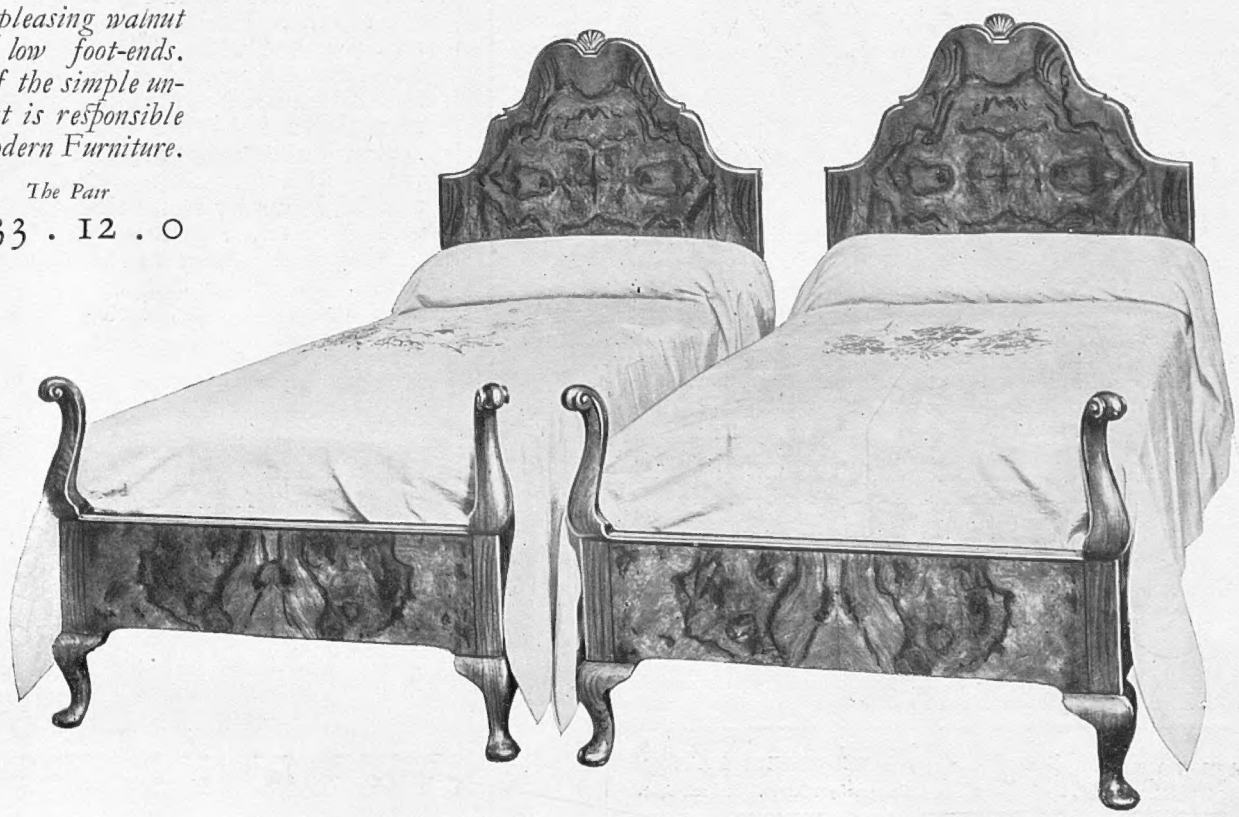

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An outstanding adaptation of the "Wellstood" Range as supplied to some of the best designed Kitchens.

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A COOL KITCHEN and reduced fuel consumption is secured by the padded and heat retaining range body and oven doors.

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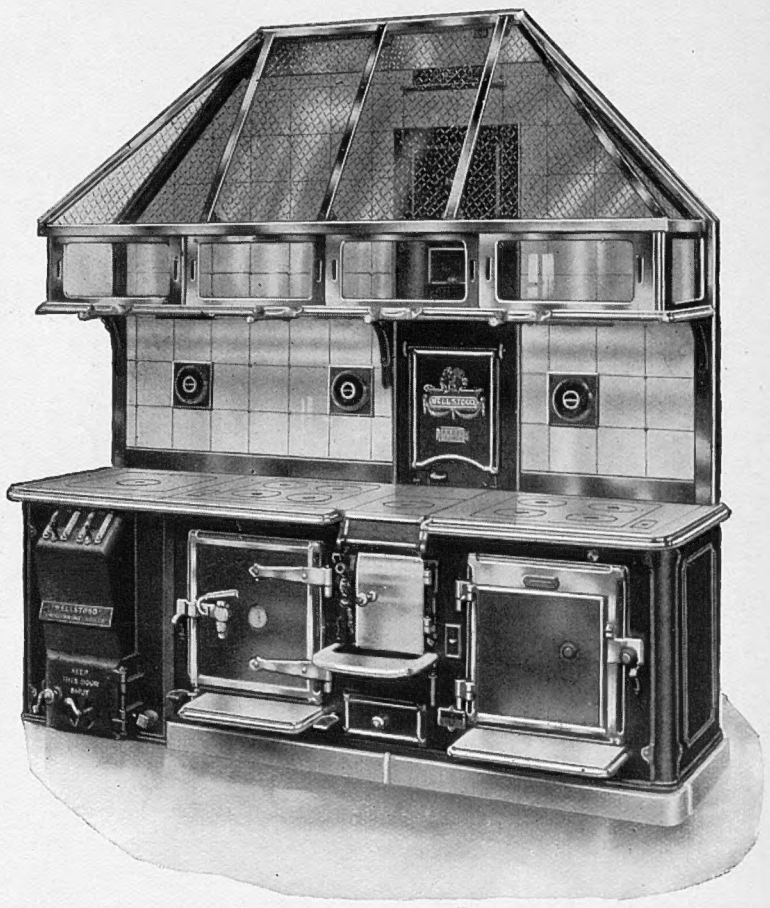

Illustration shows Style S.K.I.B. 7 ft. wide.

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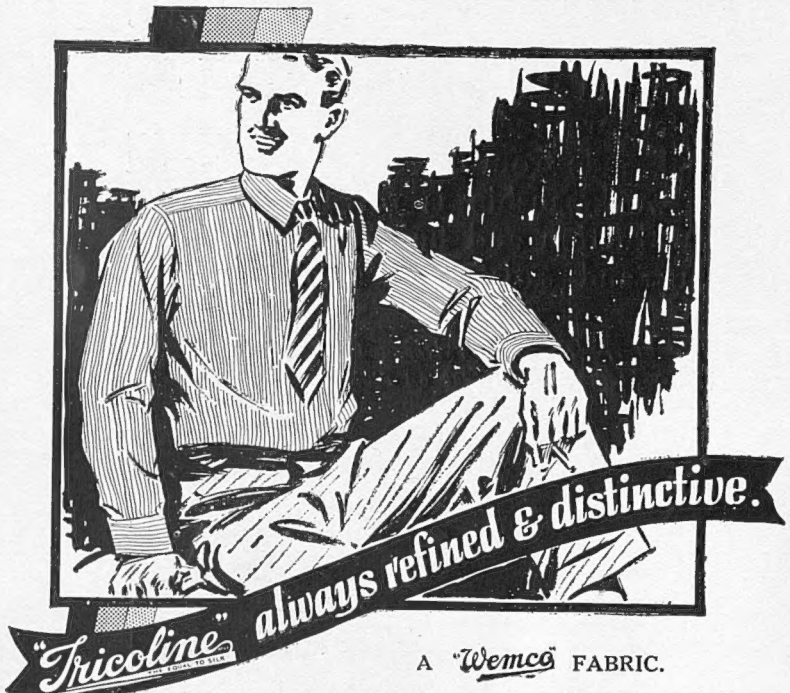
Visit our Stand No. 104 (Ground Floor, Main Hall), Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, March 24th to April 17th.



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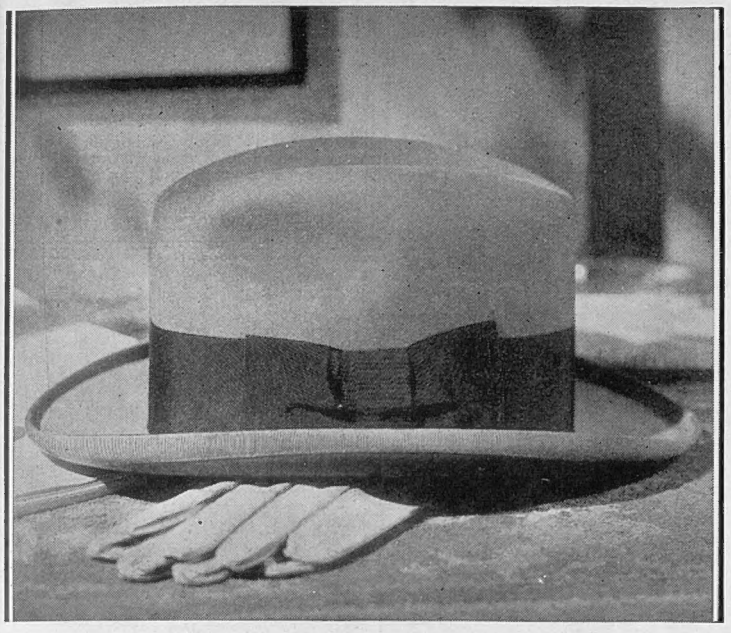

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For the Bridesmaid this charming Dress in Georgette and Lace, in many pretty shades.

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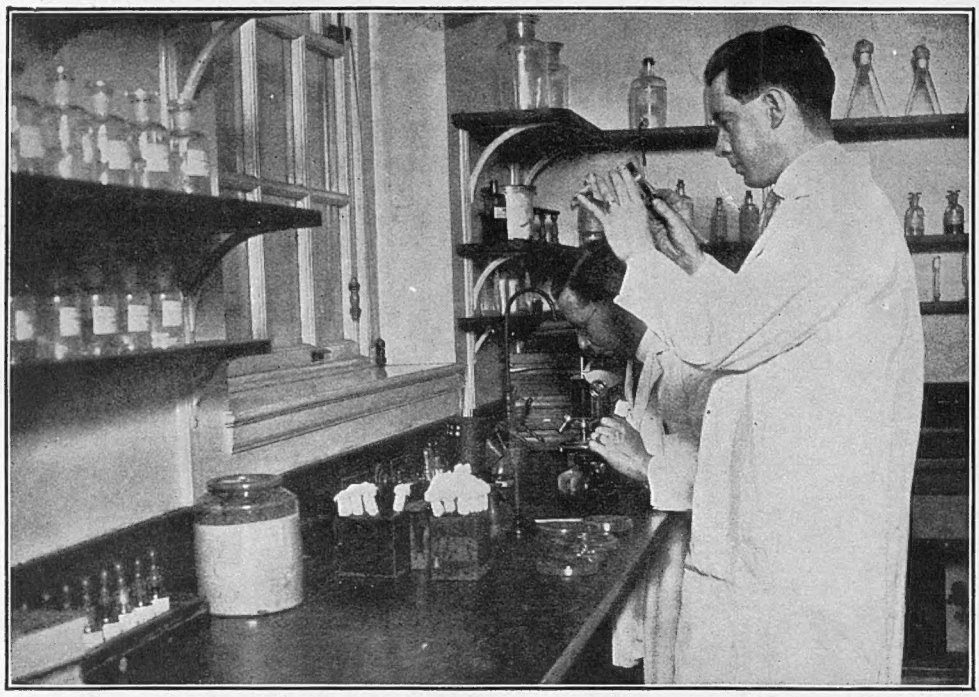
Waging War on Germs — No. 1.



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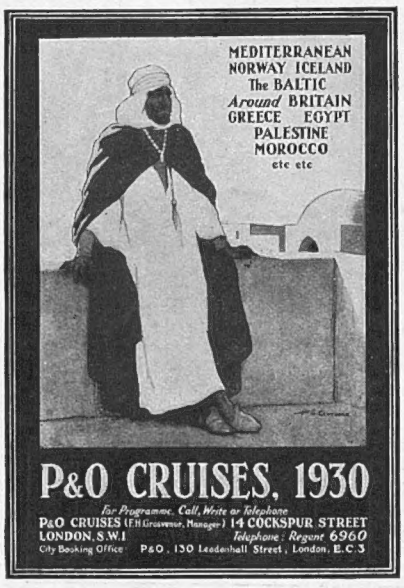

P & O

A Delightful Spring Holiday

The cruise of the s.s. Rawalpindi from London on May 8th offers a widely varied survey from end to end of the Mediterranean. Visits will be made to Athens, Rhodes, Cyprus, the Holy Land, Egypt, Malta, etc., and the cruise will afford a delightful spring holiday, for at this season climatic conditions should be perfect. The ship is luxuriously furnished and most efficiently staffed to ensure for passengers of all ages the maximum of pleasure and comfort. The cruise will occupy 26 days, ending in London on June 4th. Fares from 50 guineas. Descriptive picture handbook on application as below.

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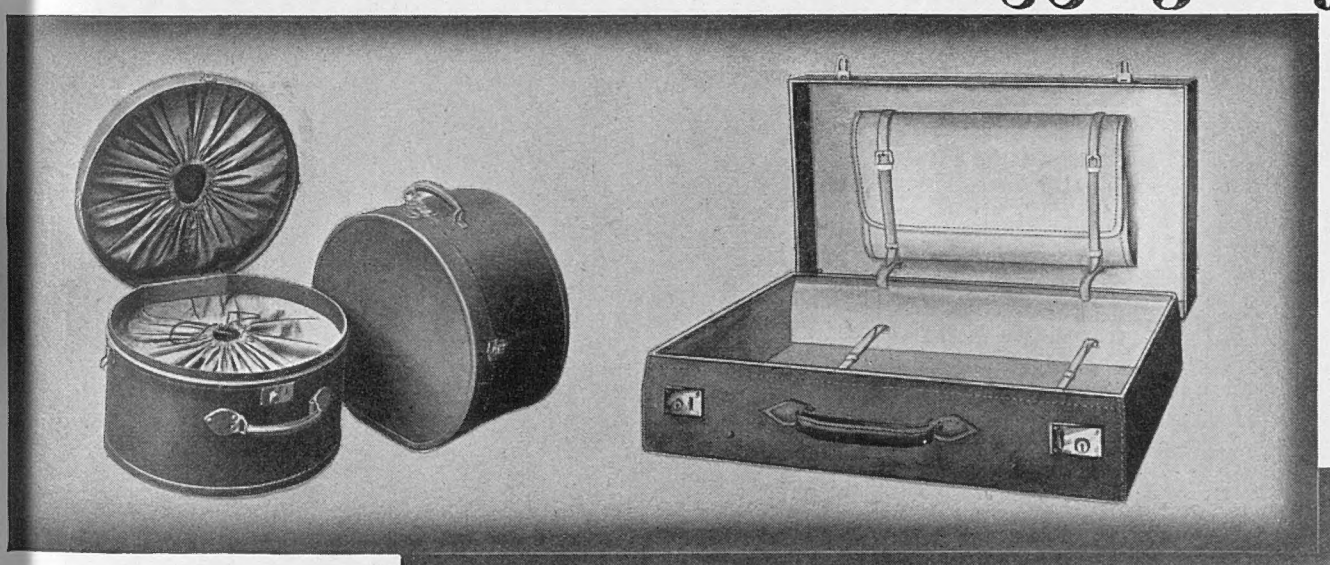

Lady's Hat Case.

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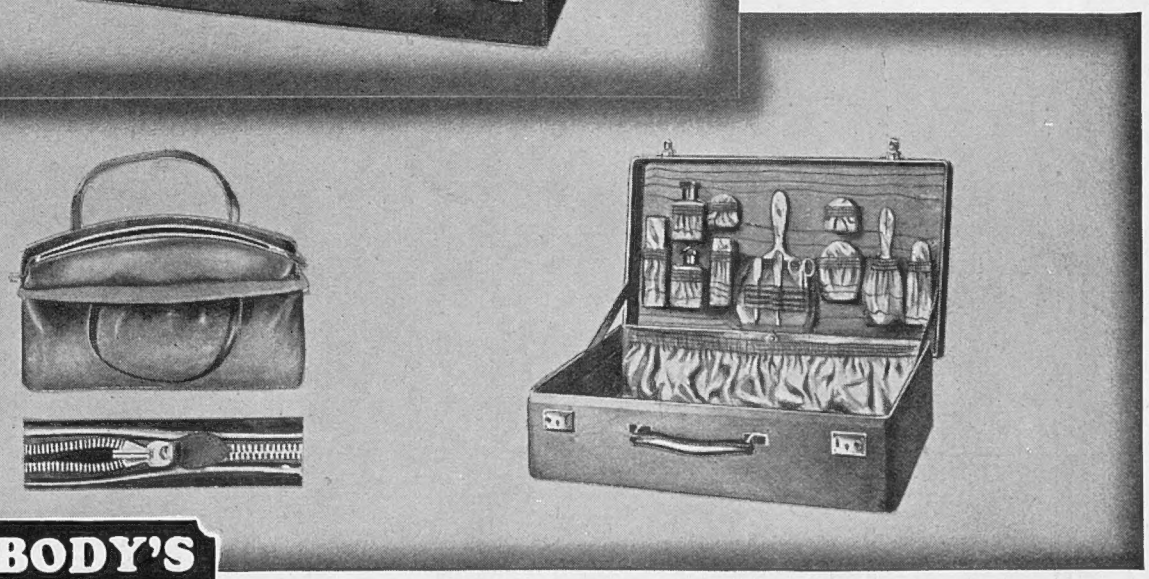

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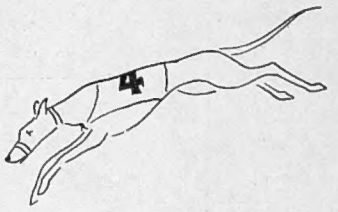

Holidays are coming—opportunities galore for making entrancing moving pictures, sparkling with life, of scenes you wish to remember. The ciné camera for you is the one that combines ***lowest obtainable running costs*** with ***first-rate efficiency.***

Ask your photo dealer about the

PATHÉSCOPE MOTOCAMERA

It has already made many splendid amateur films and is making more than ever this Summer. A point worth remembering is that Pathéscope film costs only **2/7** per reel (equivalent to 100 feet of standard cinematograph film).

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Please send me your new folder, "Moving Pictures," and a copy of the "Pathescope Monthly." (Sp. 1).

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With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXI. No. 1577 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } London, April 12, 1930

CHILD-MARRIAGE, the curse of INDIA.

Those who know the great dependency of the Empire and readers of that shattering book, *Mother India*, will recall the hideous tradition of child-marriage. With the passing of time, steps have been taken to alleviate, if not to eliminate, its most grotesque and distressing developments. Shortly a law is coming into force substantially raising the age-limit. In the interim, child-marriage is proceeding at a rate hitherto unheard of to render the weddings a *fait accompli* before the actual edict comes into force. This new picture, just received from Madras, shows a youthful bride and bridegroom. The bride is the little girl seated facing the camera. On her left is the bridegroom and on her right her little brother. The latter has just been married to the small girl seen standing behind him. The two men beside the smaller of the two bridegrooms are the officiating priests. The bridegroom is offering "pansupari," a customary sweetmeat.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.
Wednesday, April 9, 1930.

Outrunning the Constable. — Two of our great institutions have admittedly been outrunning the constable — His Majesty's Government and Sir William Morris. Each pleads sweet charity as the cause. Three times in five years the national accounts have closed with a deficit. This year the Exchequer is out of its reckoning by a little deficit of 14½ millions. And nearly two-thirds of that deficit is due to an ill-considered, all-embracing eleemosynary scheme, justified neither by economic nor moral considerations. Sir William has asked his shareholders for "a little on account" to meet a deficit in his private budget, and as an act of grace he is to be allowed to take £200,000 to meet his obligations. They are charitable obligations and £140,000 go direct to the Radcliffe Infirmary, which may thank its stars that it cradled that young and hard-working youth who in 1900 was mending the punctures of undergraduates' bicycle tyres and dreaming of the future. But the two cases are not on all fours. Sir William is entitled to a little on account; Mr. Snowden is not. Sir William, by foresight and self-denial, has built up a huge reserve fund against hard times in his business and has largely created that fund by the strictest personal economy. In his case the economic situation justifies stupendous generosity. In the Government's case it does not. And even if charity were justified, ill-advised sentiment is not.

Worse Than Its Bite.—I tried to recollect any Budget in my time which outran the anticipations of the average pessimist. But I failed. Every Budget day which I can remember has closed with a sense of relief. "It might have been worse," has become a customary night thought for Budget day ever since a 10d. income tax ceased to be a proof of national madness and bankruptcy, as it was when I first interested myself in it. And so we shall say again, "It might have been worse." Some think that in Mr. Snowden we have a real 100 per cent. expert in the art of "Wait and see," a man whose iron grip could hold even a Budget cat in the bag. But I myself believe there are the usual number of clever young journalists who weeks ago robbed Chancellor Jupiter of his thunder (or, let us say, his plunder); and that a more or less exact forecast of our fate could be found in two or three recent issues of daily newspapers. Twenty-five millions of new money on the top of a burden which still seems economically unendurable is not easy to find, yet on the whole I believe that the wizard's wand will be waved with a deftness which will cause the minimum of disturbance to our cherished heirlooms. If it will be henceforth impossible to die, we shall with care and sacrifices still just compass living.

Irish Politics.—The defeat of Mr. Cosgrave seemed to imply a grave misfortune for Ireland. His return to power gives encouraging proof that Irish politicians have in recent years made marked progress in political sense, in common sense, and in respect for constitutionalism. It is not easy for an ordinary Englishman to comprehend Irish politics or the Irish character, but it is fair and pleasant to assume that the choice of Mr. Cosgrave was very remotely the choice of a political majority and far more nearly a general determination not to lose the services of that rare phenomenon, a man of high character, sound sense, clear head, and great administrative ability, who punctually emerged when Ireland's hour struck. It is to be hoped that in Ireland the days are over when a de Valera will be able to upset the slow and steady progress of sound reconstruction in a country for centuries distressed, for centuries misunderstood, and mismanaged, the eternal victim of its own unstable liberators.

Dr. Barnes.—The Bishop of Birmingham is in contempt. Technically, because he will not at present be haled to prison. He will merely have to find a largish sum by way of the taxed costs of the parties in the action. *Notley* v. *Bishop of Birmingham*. Dr. Barnes has the face that seems to hunger for martyrdom and some of us feel that much of the trouble and bickering which the defence of his vigorous and courageous convictions cause might be spared. The broad issue of Christianity is as the ocean, Dr. Barnes and his bickerings as a storm brewed in a teacup. Possibly the Rev. Simmonds also, the pawn in the game, has lost sight of the wood for the trees of ritual. I do not know. I am sorry for the curate of St. Aidan's who must minister to his wandering sheep under a thunderous and frowning sky, and if the sheep are panting for a shepherd I am sorry for them, too. For it seems such a pity that the question of a candle or a piece of embroidery should set the shepherds wrangling while the flocks, for want of guidance, nibble poisonous herbs. Birmingham has had a strange variety of bishops in its short existence as a See. Perhaps it was set too high a standard at the start.

Albani.—I am among those who mourn Madame Albani as the singer whose voice gave to the singing of "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth" the comfort of certainty. Hers was the voice that "bid this mortal put on immortality." The oratorios so dear to the Victorians have gone out of fashion, as Tennyson's Idylls have gone out of fashion. Yet how many thousands of men, now middle-aged, admit without being able to estimate the value of the revelation opened before them by the singing of the former and the reading of the latter. Albani was not among the greatest, but she was one of the sincerest and most conscientious of the famous singers of our age. The voice of Jenny Lind has vanished into the skies. Science enables us still to listen to Albani's words of hope and comfort.

Thoughts on a Sordid Tragedy.—An English duchess in the dock would normally be a red-hot sensation of which not one of the lurid dailies could resist taking fullest advantage. But somehow the tragic plight of the poor woman who wandered on from lodging-house to lodging-house, concealing her identity, is such as to shame the most exuberant penman into a decent reticence. This sordid tragedy once more recalls the intolerable wastage of war. But for that blotting out of our noblest youth, the best of all the Fitzgeralds had now in the normal course adorned the title of Duke of Leinster. Desmond Fitzgerald was a youth of rare charm, having beauty of mind and person and a noble character, wielding a strong influence for good on his contemporaries. He would have gone far, he must have adorned a high position and benefited his class and country. And more than that, if his career had not been cut short, it so happens that his influence might have proved of peculiar and supreme constitutional importance. There are perhaps a dozen men in England who often say to themselves with a sigh, "If only Desmond Fitzgerald had been spared."

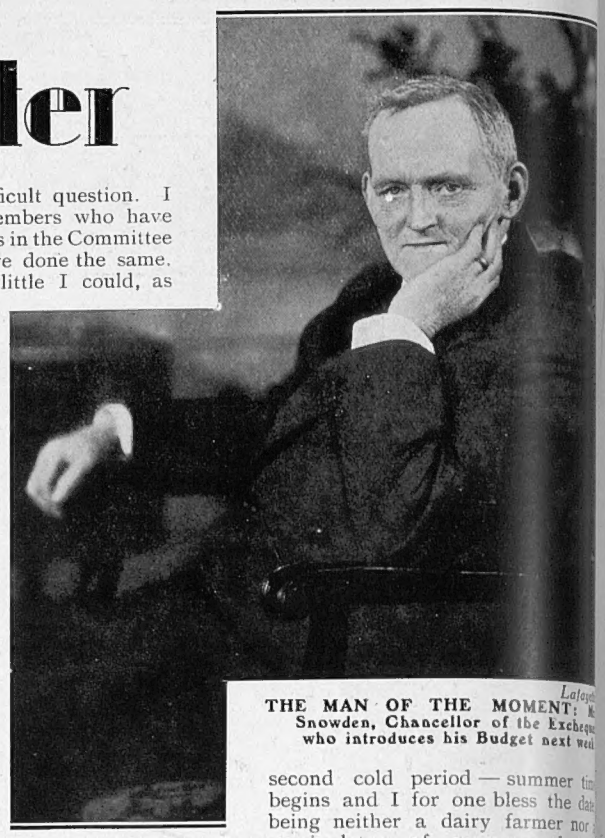
"THE SOUND OF A VOICE THAT IS STILL": Madame Albani, the great prima donna of the 'eighties, who died last week

No Limit.—I have watched the progress of the Traffic Bill with more than ordinary care, and a real desire to see both sides of a difficult question. I am sure that the members who have interested themselves in the Committee stage of the Bill have done the same. I have done what little I could, as an unpriviliged private citizen, to examine and comprehend the statistics of road accidents. And I have come out at the end of it as a firm supporter of the continuation of a speed limit on private cars. We are not yet educated or disciplined up to its abolition, whether we are drivers or pedestrians. The large undisciplined, thoughtless minority of reckless drivers has not yet received a tithe of the discipline and warning which should come before that important reform becomes law. The pedestrian public is not yet trained to quick decision. The share of the inexpert driver in causing road accidents is not admittedly a major share, but that share, such as it is, seems to be largely caused by panic and loss of head, and is likely to be enormously increased by speed limit abolition. The strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link, and that principle applies to the road. We must still legislate on the road for the majority—the inexpert, reckless, and selfish among drivers, and the purblind, foolish, and feckless among pedestrians. We are heading for wholesale slaughter in the provisions of the Traffic Bill. And all because in the past decade we have made no serious effort to enforce discipline on the roads.

Off with the Motley.—Lord Ponsonby, that genial man whose sense of humour covers every subject but militarism, must have sung last week a *Nunc dimittis* in his bath. For one of the great ideals of his life was attained when Mr. Shaw inconspicuously announced the Government's decision that children must no longer play at soldiers. The wearing by cadet corps of military uniform is henceforward prohibited. A tremendous trifle which escaped at question time, and had quite a flutter for twenty-four hours. Tremendous, because it trenches on large questions, and is the thin end of a wedge of very high-handed pressure. It seems indeed to me to derive direct from Soviet Russia. It is the tyranny of sentimentalism, the very essence of meddling, a crime in the name of liberty.

Work for the Hangman.—It runs counter to the whole spirit of our national character, and I, too, see it as a factor in the inevitable reaction against the Government. But more than this: it is patently a logical first step to further reforms. Junker literature must go with the panoply of militarism. In a short time the public hangman will find time hanging heavy on his hands—it will be his sole experience of hanging anything. Work must be found for him in public conflagration of copies of Kipling and Fletcher's Junker History, of *Deeds that Won the Empire*, of Froude's *English Seamen*. The toy-shops must be raided, the lead soldiers melted down, the wooden soldiers burned with fire. A concession may be made in the matter of bows and arrows. The Government is determined to show that Peace has her victories no less renowned than War.

Summer Time.—On the 13th—in the middle of Buchan's second cold period — summer time begins and I for one bless the date, being neither a dairy farmer nor a manipulator of currency, but an ordinary humdrum householder who prefers to burn daylight gratis to artificial light (accounts quarterly), has no complexion complex about dressing and dining in sunlight, and loves well to do a little weeding in the gloaming after dinner. The inventor of summer time is already forgotten by the world. I remember him, and I think he deserves to be remembered with others who have brought light to them that sat in darkness. As for Buchan—another prophet deserving of honour in his own country—I have heard it stated in a polite drawing-room that estimation of cold periods is one more of the innumerable activities of the Member for the Scottish Universities (the author of *Mid-Winter!*). It is not so. The unadvertised Buchan was very sound in his estimates, and of late has come very much into his own. As for his second cold period, I regard it as a nap. It is just the psychological moment for the blackthorn winter. That is why it would be such an inept moment for a fixed Easter.



Lafayette
THE MAN OF THE MOMENT: Mr. Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who introduces his Budget next week

It's the Game that Pays.—In the month of April, when the cricket season starts again, the financial results of last season usually peters out to the public. And they are melancholy reading. When a county of championship standard and of cricket enthusiasm admits a deficit of £1,300 in a summer of golden sunshine and only minor distractions, it is time for those who control county cricket to scratch their heads. They observe that tennis finance continually improves, that dog-racing and track-racing pay dividends, and that village cricket is as lively as ever it was. The common factor in all these successes is that these sports cater for busy and impatient people. You dog-race after your day's work. You see four innings played on the village green between two and seven on Saturdays.

R.U.R.—The news that while we slept huge night bombing aeroplanes have been recently passing over our heads bound for Scotland, steered by Robot pilots, gave me a profound shock. It is indeed rather a grisly business of the Wellsian Martian kind. Suppose those unpaid workers went beyond their brief and indulged in night-thoughts? Suppose they grew to hate their fleshy masters who, hoggishly sleeping, leave the dangerous business of night-flying to slaves of steel? Suppose they insidiously furnished their machines with live bombs and steered for London? Hold! Enough! Indeed we are getting too scientific. It is time to end the age of science and start on a clean page of less impious chapter.

THE OLD STAGER.

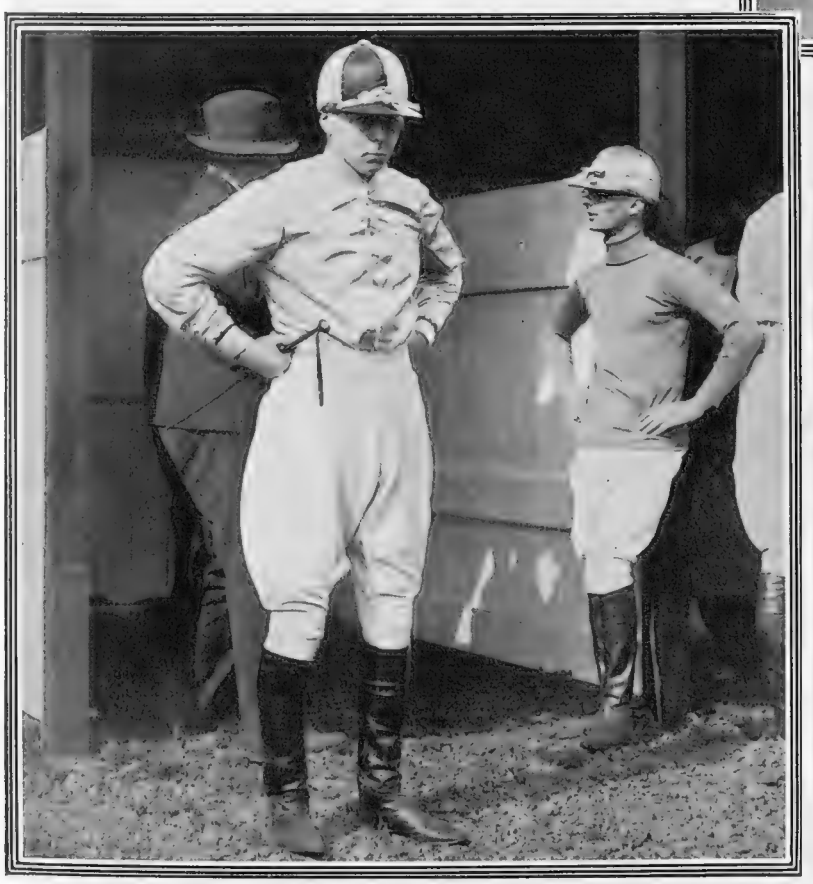
THE EXTINCTION OF AN INSPIRATION: Frau Cosima Wagner, who died at Bayreuth a few days ago at the age of ninety-three. To her much of Wagner's fame, posthumous and in his life, was due

SEVEN DAYS of the SOCIAL WHIRL

Racing : Tableaux : Films : Society

ENGLISH LADIES AS ITALIAN PICTURES: Lady Moira Combe as "The Angel of the Annunciation" in the Society tableaux held at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in aid of the General Lying-in Hospital

ON THE SCREEN AS ON THE STAGE: Sir Gerald du Maurier has taken to the films with great success. He is seen above with Mr. Austin Trevor in a scene from "Escape," under construction in a studio at Beaconsfield



EARL MARSHAL OF ENGLAND: The Duke of Norfolk, whose recent coming-of-age celebrations recalled the magnificence of yesteryear, was a notable figure at the Household Brigade Steeplechase at Hawthorn Hill, when he rode Lady Castlederg in the Royal Horse Guards Regimental Challenge Cup

THE CHILD OF "THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN LONDON": Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones with their daughter Susan and their nurse, who holds their son, christened the other day at Temple Church. Mrs. Armstrong-Jones is often referred to as London's most beautiful woman

"THERE BE SOME SPORTS . . .

"THOROUGH BUSH, THOROUGH BRIAR": The competitors in the annual Bradfield College Sports negotiate a weir near Reading—one of the main features of the Steeplechase, itself the great event of the meeting. As may be seen by the state of the entrants, the course is by no means an easy one

"HELL-FOR-LEATHER": A glimpse of some of the com itors in the annual sports of the City of London Sc held at Grove Park. The event recorded above is 500 yards handicap

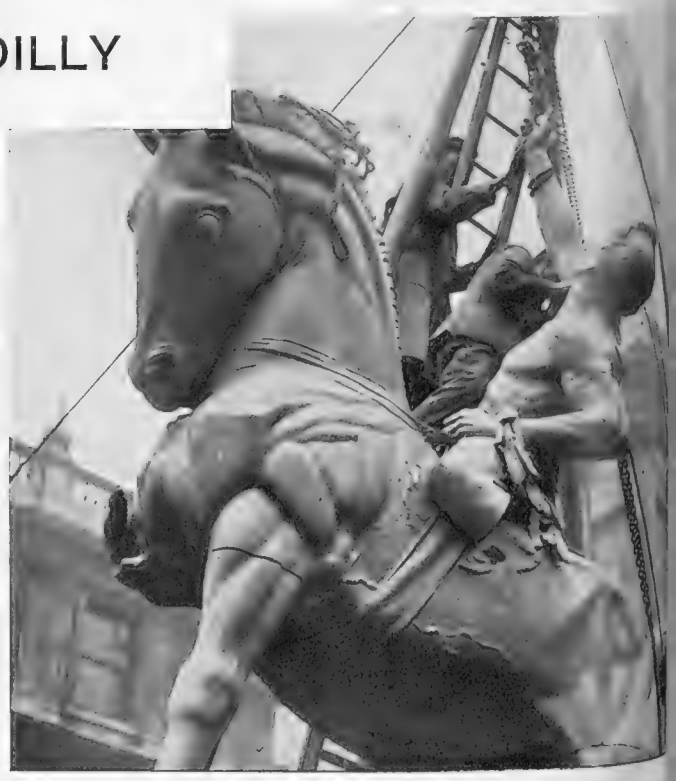
GOING AT £16—MORE AND YET MORE CARS

THE PETROL AGE: An overhead view of the car park at Wembley during the International between England and Scotland last Saturday, when London was aflame with bonnets and (almost) afloat with whisky

A CAR A MINUTE: A great auction at Acton when 107 were sold without reserve. Some fetched only a few po each. The auctioneer was mounted on a moving ros

THE FRIGHTED STEED IN PICCADILLY

ON APPROVAL: April saw many works of art submitted to the Selection Committee of the Royal Academy. The charming nude seen above arrived at Burlington House on sending-in day for sculpture



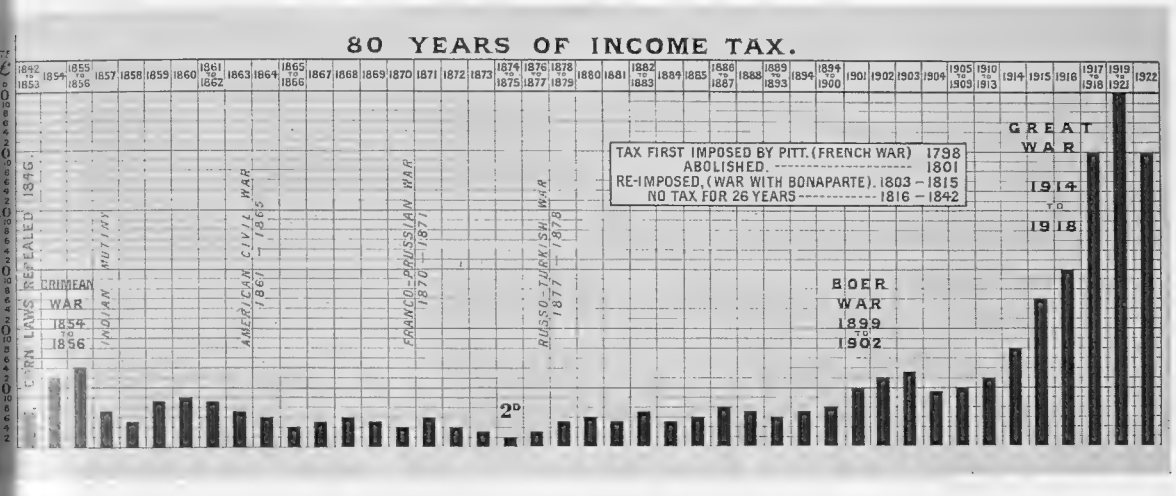
THE THREE-LEGGED HORSE: While placing an eques statue of "The Will of Peace," by R. O. Gross, in fron Burlington House, workmen broke a leg from the ho

ALL METAL IN BAD LUCK

TRAGEDY IN THE AIR: The wrecked German 'plane on the Frankfort-Cologne service forced down owing to a mechanical defect. The landing was a failure, developing into a crash near Idstein. The pilot and the sole passenger received severe injuries

THE CRASH: The remains of the German air-liner which crashed and then exploded at Limpsfield. Much of the metal sheeting was fused away

WHEN INCOME TAX WAS 2d.



"THAT'S WHY THE INCOME TAX IS SIX BOB IN THE POUND!": A chart showing the rise and fall (but mainly the rise) of the main source of the Government's revenue since 1842. It will be noted that every war has had repercussions upon our fiscal regime. After the Boer War the tax remained high, but during the greatest of all wars it soared to unprecedented heights, from which it seems unlikely appreciably to drop. Successive Governments have attempted, but to no avail, to "reduce the inflammation," but it is doubtful if, until unemployment is diminished, any relief can be extended, and conversely, it is doubtful if unemployment can be reduced until taxation is lightened

From "The Sphere" of April 27, 1901

A RISE OF 2d. IN THE £: Sir Michael Hicks-Beach introducing the Budget of 1901, when he spoke for two hours. He imposed, in addition, taxes on sugar and coal

ITEMS FROM LONDON TOWN

"QUIT" NOTICES IGNORED: Consternation has been caused to tenants in Southwark, in the area of Lant Street of Dickensian fame, as their houses have been condemned. Denizens of the district can find nowhere to go

GREETING TO THE VICTORS BEFORE THE VICTORY: The Duke of Gloucester greets the English team before they defeated Scotland by 5—2 at Wembley

WATERING THE PAN: A couple of the 2,000 Koli Agarias engaged in the manufacture of salt on the Runn of Kutch. These men would resent any attempt by the Soul-Force Swarajists to interfere with their livelihood. After the rains these men take up their pitches in parties of four. Each digs a small well in the area, which resembles a huge sea beach. From this they lift water into their own little salt-pan

"Here we sit in a branchy row,
Thinking of beautiful things we know;
Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,
All complete in a minute or two—
Something noble and grand and good,
Won by merely wishing we could.
Now we're going to—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!"
The Road Song of the Bandar-Log.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

GANDHI and the SALT TAX.

A Correspondent Sends this Brief Description of an Intriguing Situation Hot from the Anvil as it were

By "AJAX"

Things are going to happen—gee-whiz! In Gujerat (where I write) "the greatest religious war of history is about to begin in a few days," according to Mr. Gandhi's lieutenant, Vallabhai Patel; to a Pressman, Pandit Motilal Nehru, of Congress fame, replies, "You cannot expect me to reveal the War Council's plan of action"; to the Viceroy the so-called "Sage of Sabarmati" writes (in a letter of about 3,000 words only), "If my letter makes no appeal to your heart, on the eleventh day of this month I shall . . ."

Previous years it was Government schools and Law Courts that were to be killed by boycott. That quickly petered out; in this particular township the local Gandhi-ite leader is agitating for a new Law Court. Last year it was European cloth that must go; amidst much declamation Mr. Gandhi lit a bonfire in Calcutta that was to start throughout India such a series of bonfires as should never . . .! But he was fined a rupee, after another beautiful statement; no one followed suit, and the whole thing is now forgotten.

"It gives me the greatest pleasure to re-declare my loyalty to the British Empire. I find that the British Empire had certain ideals with which I had fallen in love." Thus Mr. Gandhi in 1915. In 1929 his declared aim was Dominion Status. That being now the declared aim of Government, nothing will satisfy short of Independence, "which can only be summed up in the one word, Chaos," as the Maharajah of Alwar said recently; and in order to attain this ideal Gandhi—who a few weeks ago declared the country totally unripe for "Civil Disobedience," and then later stated that he was "searching for a formula" to avoid a repetition of the ghastly murders which directly resulted from his previous effort—delivers his "Ultimatum" to the Viceroy by the hands of his "young English friend," complete in Khaddar, "whom Providence seems to have sent me, as it were, for the very purpose"; while so-called "spotting parties" of Ashramites are ostentatiously sent forth to scour the land.

THE CENTRAL STATION: Salt is brought here from the wells. In the background is a mass of salt like a pit-head slag-heap, over which runs a railway

WORKERS ON A GOVERNMENT MONOPOLY: Koli Agarias, who are notoriously tough customers. They trample the bottom of their salt-pan until it becomes firm and water it daily until, at the end of some fourteen or fifteen days, crystals are formed. They continue to water for about a month and then rake the produce into heaps. It is, thereafter taken on tram-lines to the central railhead store to be added to the "slag-heaps" of salt already in existence. To move salt from these heaps the Gandhi-ites will need more strength than it is likely they possess, for once touched by the rain, the massed salt is almost impervious to dynamite

From salt, Government—or rather India—reaps a revenue of about five million pounds, at a cost of an enormous duty of about a farthing a pound—or fourpence per *annum* per head of the population. It is for this farthing that the world must be turned upside down. In this part of the world, that is the Ahmedabad District, salt is manufactured at Kharaghoda on the Runn of Kutch.

True it is a Government monoply, but it brings a livelihood to some 2,000 Koli Agarias, men not to be trifled with, who would actively resent any Soul-Force efforts at tampering with their means of livelihood.

For this reason, it appears, the Gandhi-ites having found discretion the better part of valour, have abandoned their intention of attacking Kharaghoda, and mean to "grow" it on their own. We can afford to "wait and see." Even if the Ghandi-ites do succeed in raising salt in prohibited areas—far from all means of transport—they have to get a market for it; while Government already has more salt on its hands than it knows what to do with.

But these young men in a hurry are not noted for sustained effort, and have probably not thought so far ahead; their leader never said anything more true than "Frankly and truly I know very little of economics." But no matter, it is a splendid opportunity for mischief for the followers of one who has declared himself a "determined opponent of modern civilization," who believes that "East and West can only and really meet when the West has thrown overboard modern civilization almost in its entirety"; that "India's salvation consists in unlearning what she has learnt during the past fifty years. The railways, telegraphs, hospitals, lawyers, and suchlike have all to go."

Gandhi holds "British rule to be a curse"; he is the best justification for its continuance; a reactionary, to whom "Medical science is the concentrated essence of black magic," to whom hospitals are "the instrument of the Devil," pays us the highest of compliments when he calls the British Raj "Satanic."

Meanwhile let the Gandhi-ites chant, to their hearts' content:

"By the rubbish in our wake,
and the noble noise we make,
Be sure, be sure, we're going to do some splendid things."

BRINGING UP THE WATER: Koli Agarias working their well. The original intention of the Gandhi-ites was to attack the industry on the Runn of Kutch, but in view of the "unpleasantness" this might (and would) have occasioned (for the Koli Agarias are no meek chatterers), they abandoned the idea and launched into other futilities so as to "down" Government salt. One plan, it is stated, involved the sending of bottles of brine to all householders with instructions to use this instead of salt!

IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

Opera Stars Welcomed by Dramatic Stars: An Embassy of Gratitude: The Welcome to Denmark's Crown Prince

ITALIAN OPERA WELCOMED BY THE JAPANESE STAGE: Carpi's Grand Italian Opera Troupe arrived at Tokio to present performances at the Imperial Theatre for ten days. The troupe was welcomed at the station by leading actresses of the Shochiku Theatrical Co. The figures fourth and fifth from the right are Miss Kakuko Murata and Miss Ritsuko Mori

WELCOMING THE SEA KING'S SON FROM OVER THE SEA: Girl students of Yokohama wave Danish flags in greeting at the station Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark. He was accompanied by Prince Knud, the same name as the "Canute" of our history books—another of the Viking race—and Prince and Princess Axel. The party arrived at Yokohama aboard the "Fiona"

AN EMBASSY OF GRATITUDE: Premier Yuko Hamaguchi of Japan invited four ladies to express the thanks of Nippon to the United States for the assistance tendered to Tokio during the earthquake disaster of eight years ago. *From left to right*—Miss Yoshiko Sato, Miss Kimi Ashino, Home Minister Kenzo Adachi, Premier Hamaguchi, Miss Yoshiko Matsudaira, and Miss Sumiko Tokuda at the Premier's official residence, Kojimachi, Tokio. The ladies still wear Eastern footgear

FESTIVALS of the SPRING

The Symbol of THE SWAN

A feature of the Hans Andersen festival in Copenhagen. The reference is to the "Ugly Duckling"

THE BURTHEN of THE SPRING

The vernal season has come to London with all its glory. No fairer spot exists in the metropolis than the daffodil bank round Buckingham Palace where it abuts on Hyde Park Corner in the shadow of Wellington Arch

PREPARATION for the EASTER HOLIDAYS

Special "Sphere" picture

Afternoon and evening classes are now becoming crowded with prospective holiday-makers who wish to acquire the rudiments of the language of the country they intend to visit during the Easter vacation. The scene above, typical of many, was taken in the Princeton Street School, W.C.1. Captain G. Heftel is taking a class in German

PORTRAITS in OIL and VINEGAR—I

Lenin, Mussolini, and Stalin

By SHAW DESMOND

This is the first of a series of articles specially written for "The Sphere" by Mr. Shaw Desmond. The field covered is a wide one incorporating many facets of contemporary life. International politics, internal affairs, art, religion, drama, all come under a searching and illuminating disquisition at the hands of one whose early training by Irish monks, whose cosmopolitan life and whose somewhat heterodox opinions render his judgment stimulating and provocative—even if only of disagreement

In all ages there have appeared "men who move mountains." They are either the master-builders or the master-maulers of their day. Sometimes they are great founders of religions, like Christ or Buddha. Sometimes they are great soldiers, like Buonaparte. Sometimes, like the three men I have chosen here, they are great politicians.

All of them are or have been makers of history; moulders of destiny; leaders of men.

I have spent an afternoon with Benito Mussolini in the Palazzo Chigi, Rome. And Lenin I have met.

Stalin?

Stalin, the "Iron Man," as his name implies, one does not want to meet unless one has to do so! But I know not a little about the Dictator of Russia who succeeded Lenin and about his character.

What connection have Mussolini and Lenin? you will ask.

They are the obverse and reverse of the same shield. The machine that Mussolini finds himself compelled to use is the machine by which Vladimir Ilyitch Ulianov, Nicolai Lenin's real name, ruled 140 millions of Russians with a quarter of a million men. It is the machine that Stalin still uses the machine of ruthless force — compelled obedience.

There are two Mussolinis. One, the Mussolini with the mask on. The other, the Mussolini with it off. The former is the one the world knows. The latter, the rather lovable human man known to the very few, is the mystic who believes in his star. Of that latter man I, at least, when with him, personally believe I once caught a glimpse.

Before two centuries have gone both Mussolini and Lenin will have been beatified by their respective countries, and to the sepulchre where Lenin lies embalmed there will pass great pilgrimages of thousands and thousands. Mussolini will, I think, have become "Saint" Benito, his resting-place the Mecca of Italians who never knew Fascismo.

It was the Mussolini without the mask I saw that autumn afternoon in the magnificence of the Palazzo Chigi. He stood there in the October twilight, one plump white hand resting upon a row of ivory keys through which he summoned the army of men who wait upon his nod. He stood there, a powerfully-built man, slightly under middle height, his great dark velvety eyes looking not *at* me but *through* me as if his mind were troubled with other things.

I was not looking at Mussolini, I was looking at Buonaparte.

The great intimidating dome of the forehead. The brooding eye. The pallor of the clean-shaven face. The very plump, small, whiteness with which he shook me by the hand. All—all, was Buonaparte.

Yet there is only one insult which can be offered to the man whom I had met many years before at an International congress, when he was a man still unknown. That is, to call him "a second Napoleon."

"I am Mussolini," he once said. "That is enough for me."

But there was nothing of the *poseur* about the man who in that afternoon's conversation covered almost every phase of life and thought.

He was curiously modest for a man who, I very sincerely believe, would trample the earth flat in his march to power were it necessary. Again and again he would say in that gentle, low-voiced, resonant Italian: "But that is not my business. I cannot tell any other country how to run its affairs. I speak only for Italy."

Yet here is a man who does not want power for himself—but for his country. In that he is alone in Europe. Here is a man who has millions of money and millions of men at his command. Actually he was living when I met him in a small apartment in Rome (the palace in which we spoke was just his workroom), attended by an old nurse. He lives and lived like a Spartan. A glass of milk his morning meal.

But it is this simple person who said to me, "Fifty-four of us changed the history of Italy in the march on Rome (*marcia sua Roma*)." And then he said quietly, "An ounce of determination fired by a spark of imagination could move mountains."

Like his antithesis, Lenin, Mussolini lives each twenty-four hours with death standing at his elbow. Some day, perhaps, death will make his final unescapable gesture through knife or bullet . . . perhaps. Mussolini himself says, "No. I shall not be assassinated." He says it to me in tones of absolute conviction, the tones of the man who believes in his star, the mystic.

And if he dies his work goes on. The Italian Dictator has loosed a spirit in Europe which cannot be stayed until it has run its course. That is Fascism.

"If I die to-day," he said, "the work goes on. There are those prepared, ready, who know how to carry it on."

Nothing can stop men like Mussolini or Lenin or Stalin, save the thing that stops us all—Time. But first they have to accomplish their task—blind, leaders of the blind, if you like, for they, like any of those they lead, are the sport of sudden circumstance. But their task they do accomplish.

The first time I saw Nicolai Lenin was many years ago in London, when he was fleeing with the Second Duma from the heavy hand of the Tsar. I saw him with Maxim Gorki, the writer, whom I met again the other day, and whom I reminded of that first meeting.

The place where I met Lenin was, above all places, a meek and mild Brotherhood Church in a London street. It was a place where the gospel of love was daily taught, and where all revenge or hatred or physical force was rigorously barred.

Lenin, like Mussolini, was one who believed in his star—a red rather than a black star. Like Mussolini, he was of a terrible sincerity. Like him also, he would wade through a sea of blood to obtain the chimera for which he laid down his life—the chimera of lion and lamb lying down together in a collectivist-Marxian world in which the official would be supreme.

For that ideal, like Mussolini, he would have given his arms and his legs.

Dogmatist. Idealist. Fanatic. I watched the man who was to remake the history of the world, with his rugged face and still more rugged head. His eyes set on the trail which was to overthrow in the turn of a hand the mightiest empire of the East. Just as he used to sit in the Montparnasse "Jungle," where you could see him any night seated alone, brooding, dreaming . . . and *planning*. For it was there he planned the Russian Revolution.

Here also was a man who, like Mussolini, himself once Syndicalist and Socialist, wanted nothing for himself. Not even for his country. Only, as he thought, for the world!

Lenin had not a drop of Jewish blood in his veins, despite his Hebraic appearance and the legend attaching to his name. He was born as a matter of fact, as I know from unimpeachable sources, on April 10, 1870, at Simbirsk in Siberia, the son of a Councillor of State. He was, indeed, actually of the hereditary nobility.

Summed up, this man, whom I studied at first hand, was primarily dreamer, then dogmatist, and then administrator. He had that curious conjunction of construction and destruction which you find in Mussolini, and which also was the dominating quality of the Napoleon, whom they both resemble.

He believed like all of his type that he could reform the world by iron theory. That, in a word, you can "make men moral by Act of Parliament." And like all his type, especially Mussolini, who can be a child with children, he was sheer autocrat and child combined. With the wife whom he adored he was child. Child in his incredibly simple tastes. And child in his ruthlessness and that indifference to bloodshed which has been from time immemorial the hall-mark of the young things. He could act like a great baby, and when Trotsky defeated the Czechslovaks at Sviask on the Volga, he danced a war dance with glee.

. .

Stalin. Ah, Stalin! He is other.

Stalin is just "steel." For that is what his name means in Russian. He is the most brain-clear Dictator on earth to-day, and if ever time and chance bring him and Mussolini face to face in the field, it will be a battle of giants. Mussolini at least does not believe that it will ever mature, for he told me after he had read my war novel, *Ragnarok*, in which I pictured a final Armageddon between

(Continued on p. 94)

Aftermath of the Italian Exhibition

NORMAN HILL pleads for A Renaissance of Inspiration

The devotional works of the great Masters far eclipse the highest efforts of modernity; this may well be owing to the degeneration of Religion and Belief and the consequent lessening of Inspiration

The recent closing of the Italian Art Exhibition at Burlington House has left regrets in the hearts of tens of thousands of people. Many of those who visited and revisited the galleries of the Royal Academy came to look upon certain individual masterpieces almost as their own. Now they have gone, and London will see them no more.

In the minds of all who saw what was probably the richest exhibition ever assembled under one roof, there will linger one predominating thought—the great stimulus Art received from the Church, foster-mother of most of the arts as we know them to-day. The Church is based on belief; and belief gives rise to Religion. All belief should be high and immaculate; all art should fulfil the same ideals.

One can carry the analogy a little further. The religious beliefs of people, since the beginning of time, have reacted on their artistic development. The savage in his forest fashioned his idol according to the best instincts of his nature; the Greek erected a temple of the greatest possible beauty to Pallas Athene, deeming the gods worthy of all endeavour; the Romans built triumphal arches for their deified emperors, sparing no expense of money or genius in the glorification of the men they thought the representatives of the unknown on earth.

The Catholic Church was fostered in an atmosphere of martyrdom, but flourished in an environment of beauty. It "presided in love" in the most noble temples Art could devise or inspiration imagine. And it was not until Luther had nailed his protests against the sale of indulgences on the door of All Saints at Wittenberg that the Church lost its hold on the artistic feelings of Christendom. From that period dates the rise of the great modern secular schools of painting and sculpture. Art left the Church and entered the home.

If the actual execution of a work of art is a labour of drudgery—often it is, as witness Michelangelo working for years on his back painting the ceiling of the Sistine chapel—its original conception comes from a call of the voice within. It may be for this reason that, in an age of superstition, when printing was unknown and communication difficult, awe of religion was the artist's first impelling thought. Without going back into history—to the temples of Cambodia, the shrines of the Aztecs, the stone offerings to Osiris and Isis—we can find in the early Italian school an illustration of the thoughts which actuated nearly all artists in other days. An unquestioned belief in the omnipotence of God encouraged them to give their utmost to the decoration of places devoted to His worship.

In the study of the relationship between Art and the Catholic Church there are two other factors which must be taken into consideration—factors which were material, as opposed to any sense of intangible religious consciousness. Primarily the Church was rich. It commanded not only great fidelity, but also disposed of immense treasure. Secondarily, its chief supporters (with occasional exceptions) were the great princes and nobles of the empire. They also commanded resources of money and power and, in the interests of their own consciences and for the benefit of Mother Church, they delighted to erect chapels and shrines. Thus they perpetuated their own memory through the symbol of Our Lady or their favourite Saint.

The artistic mind likes to believe that it lives for Art alone. But even creative interest cannot exist without the ordinary necessities of life. In the Middle Ages an artist looked for a patron with almost as much eagerness as he looked for a palette. Both were essential to his livelihood. And it so happened that patrons were plentiful—the Church on the one hand, the great nobles on the other. There were many Italian artists who had little regard for money—Masaccio, Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolommeo, Cimabue. But there were others who loved the fleshpots as well as their work—Michelangelo, Cellini, Raphael, and Titian. With very few exceptions, however, they were all men who were personally pious, and so, in the light of the brilliant and vicious age in which they lived, much may be forgiven them.

At the close of the Dark Ages the Church took a long time to raise its head. The long struggle between the Emperor and Pope monopolized the attention of Europe, and it was not until long after the incident of Canossa that the Church was able to set its house in order. The intense piety of St. Bernard and the growth of monasticism, the driving force of Dominic and the establishment of the powerful friars, the artless sanctity of St. Francis and the influence of his poor preachers, all combined to establish the Faith firmly in the hearts of men not only in Italy but all over the Continent.

Thus when Sextus IV, Julius II, and Alexander VI came to the Papal throne, the Church found itself perhaps the most powerful material force in Italy and certainly the most powerful spiritual influence in Christendom.

It was at this time that Art really flourished. The pioneer efforts of the workers in mosaic and fresco were developed into the great art of the High Renaissance. That immortal succession of artists—Botticelli, Raphael, Leonardo, Titian, Tintoretto, Correggio, Perugino, Francia, Mantegna—rose to fame and gave the world their immortalities, but immortalities always influenced by thoughts of the Catholic Church.

Ghiberti created the gates of Paradise for the Baptistery of Florence. Donatello decorated the Duomo. Brunelleschi secured the cupola of the same cathedral. Sansovino built the churches of Venice. Bramante conceived a design for the basilica of St. Peter's.

The versatility of the Italian artists—especially those who graduated in the workshops of goldsmiths—has become a byword in history. They were able to carve, to paint, to design. They built and decorated palaces. But their chief delight was the adornment of cathedrals and chapels.

Before proceeding to the discussion of the period when the influence of the Church relaxed its hold on the imagination of artists, let us hark back to the early days of Christianity in Europe. The solace of the martyrs hiding in the Roman catacombs by the Appian Way was to make crude drawings of the symbols of God and of the actual saints on the damp walls of their refuges. When the Roman Empire accepted the new religion from the East, the first converts gave expression to their thoughts by making mosaics like those that can still be seen at Ravenna.

In Western Europe, until the Middle Ages were well advanced, the only men who could read or write were clerks of the Church. Painting was unknown to them, but they gave artistic expression to their innermost thoughts by laboriously illuminating the wonderful Missals and Psalters which are now the envy of every man of taste. And those priests who were not labouring with manuscrips were building churches and abbeys. The majestic ruins of Fountains, Rievaulx, Tintern, and Bolton bear witness to their fine artistic sense. The varied carved pillars of Durham Cathedral, perhaps each one the work of an individual priest, indicate the intense and disinterested devotion of the Faithful of that day.

Castles were essential in an age of constant war. Chieftains crowned every eminence of the Rhine with a black pile. In England the Tower of London frowned over a sleeping city, and the gaunt pile of Warwick glared defiance at a verdant countryside. But no pains were taken to make them objects of beauty. They were simply strongholds for essentially utilitarian purposes. Cathedrals and churches alone called for grace of design, and posterity has the blessing of Chartres, Rheims, Lincoln, Canterbury, San Marco, and Pisa in consequence. Nearly all the great palaces of the world which can be called beautiful—Versailles, the Schornbrünn, Hampton Court—date from a time when the Reformation was loosening the hold of religion on men's thoughts.

Until the period of this same Reformation, nearly all pictorial art had been centred on Italy. The Dutch school of Rembrandt and Vermeer did not flourish until the seventeenth century, when the Counter-Reformation was in full swing. But even so, in the narrowed minds of the Dutch the great Masters were still drawn to religious subjects. Both the Masters of Amsterdam and Delft have left behind religious pictures which may have been influenced by visits to Italy, but which certainly show a depth of religious feeling which ordinarily one would not associate with the characters of the two men.

Earlier than this, the Flemish school had given unmistakable signs of the influence of the Church. We find it in the altarpieces of the Van Eyck brothers and pictures like the Marys at the Sepulchre by Hubert of the same name. Van der Wenden, Memlinc Gerard David, Ven der Goes, Jan Gossaert (Mabuse), Quentin Matsys—all devoted themselves to religious subjects before that flood-tide of doubt—the Reformation—engulfed Europe from end to end. The German Renaissance gave the world the Meyer Madonna of Hans Holbein, while Albrecht Durer, reading in the book of Revelation: "And I looked and behold, a livid horse; and he that sat upon him was Death; and Hell followed with him," designed his immortal "Knight and Death."

Spain, which gave birth to Torquemada and the Inquisition, Ingnatius Loyola and the Jesuits, was the nursery of the Counter-Reformation. It is only to be expected that Spanish artists—apart from Philip's Court painters—should be influenced by the Church. El Greco created a new form of expression but his subjects were religious. Ribera gave his fellows a wealth of devotional colour while Rubens, who was of the Spanish Netherlands, occasionally deserted his studies of the rape of the Sabine Women for more pious subjects such as the miracles of the canonized Captain General of the Jesuits.

In Italy, the home of the Church, religious art persisted in the prettiness of Carlo Dolci and the waywardness of Guido Reni. But the end was near. The great days of church building were ending (they are only just being revived in the glories of the new cathedrals of Liverpool and New York, and the still uncompleted Byzantine conception of Westminster). Great noblemen no longer emulated each other in the decoration of the chapels of their ancestors. They were more intent on establishing fortunes with which to build palaces. And, when those palaces were built, they required artists to fill them with pictures. Art was doomed to suffer from Kneller, Lely, and the like. It was the price humanity had to pay for departing from an ancient tradition.

Anderson, Rome

A WORK OF DEVOTION: The Annunciation by Fra Lippo Lippi. The return to such lofty standards of work as those set by the great painters of yester-year is the vital need of Art to-day, is the thesis of Mr. Norman Hill in the accompanying article

Science, progress, enlightenment, call it what you will—the modern trend is the great enemy of established creeds. In the last two centuries the world has made such tremendous progress that it is fast becoming secularized. Art has become secularized with it. Whereas in the days of the great Masters fully 95 per cent. of the output of an artist's *atelier* was destined for a church, nowadays it is to be questioned whether 5 per cent. is painted with the religious idea in mind. It is true that many of the eighteenth-century Masters occasionally gave a thought to divine subjects. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted several large religious pictures. Tiepolo committed that delightful fantasy of the discovery of Moses in the bullrushes with every lady in the party in the full Court dress of his own times. But there was no religious feeling or inspiration behind any of their greater works.

It will always be a moot point whether Art has suffered from its liberation. Have the hearts of men so changed that they prefer contemporary artists to mar municipal halls with ill-executed portraits of obese aldermen rather than for them to employ their talents to decorate the house of God with images of the Madonna? Is a stone memorial to an insignificant statesman in the market square more important than the statue of a saint in the parish church across the way?

It would seem so.

One feels that the day of the great Masters is gone for ever. The world is hurrying along too fast to admit of full artistic expression. As I write, the sun is setting in a blaze of red across the westering London sky. Presently the dark clouds which the wind is blowing up will cover its last rays in darkness. And night will come.

We must wait for another dawn for light, for a more leisurely time, for an age when men can stand and wait and still not be lost, before we can hope to attain once more that height of artistic glory which was the past.

NEAR, YET EVER APART: These strange figures, reminiscent of seals or scarecrows, are scarlet sea-squirts newly arrived at the Zoo. When young they resemble tadpoles and swim free but as they grow they change their form and attach themselves to some fixed base. Their scientific name is Tunicata, a division of the Metazoans. The pharynx is enlarged and modified as a branchial sac

"FROGGIE WOULD A WOOING GO!" But it is, in fact, a Pipa toad from South America who is dancing the Charlston above. His species is characterised by a flat head and huge claws. His residence is the Aquarium at the London Zoo

THE GARDEN OF THE DEEP: A corner of one of the tanks in the Zoo Aquarium. The twig-like object is a feathered sea-worm, the "chrysanthemum" is, of course, a sea-anemone

FROM THE SPHERE of the SUBMARINE.

New Arrivals at the Great Aquarium at the London Zoo

A WEST AFRICAN SPRITE AT THE ZOO: A conical small-mouthed member of the cichlidae—a fish from West Africa. They have a compressed oblong body, and seen head-on produce this quaint effect

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY discusses

THE GREATEST SCIENTIST IN THE WORLD: Professor Albert Einstein with Mrs. Einstein at the memorial service arranged by the German League for Human Rights for the late Dr. Paul Levi

World AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Interest

A WHITE CRUSADE?—Seventy men gathered round a dinner-table in a Berlin club the other evening seriously to discuss a twentieth-century crusade, and to plan a "white war" against the "red danger" of Communist Russia. By "white war" is meant a "bloodless war."

How can religion, diplomacy, economics, and finance be marshalled and mobilized as a "united world front" against the "Anti-Christ" was debated. The Pope's recent attempt to array world opinion against alleged religious persecutions in Russia inspired these seventy would-be crusaders to organize the meeting.

Herr W. von Alvensleben issued the invitations. Major Franz von Papen, a member of the Prussian Diet, honorary Chamberlain to the Pope, the Kaiser's Military Attaché in Washington at the outbreak of the War, presided. No woman was invited. Labour, I understand, was not represented. Among those present were two princes, nine counts, three or four barons, eleven other "vons."

The crusaders included three German ex-Cabinet Ministers, Dr. von Dryander, former spiritual advisor to Wilhelm II, Dr. von Berg, Minister of the ex-Kaiser's household affairs after his exile in Doorn, ex-Foreign Minister Dr. Simon, Count Keyserling, and Count von Westarp, Nationalist leader.

The speakers stressed various aspects of the "Menace of Bolshevism" to western civilization and culture, with special emphasis on its "danger to religion," and what could be done to "stir the conscience of the world."

It was decided to try to create a "European Action." For this purpose an "Action Committee" of fourteen was named.

Authoritative opinion was expressed that there is little likelihood that the Soviet regime will collapse from internal weakness and domestic difficulties in the near future. Such collapse can only be brought about by impetus from outside Russia.

Dr. von Raumer, ex-Cabinet Minister, is reported to have thrust aside the religious factor as of minor importance. He is credited with having said, "What I am afraid of not so many years hence, is the 'red economic army' of Russia, while the low wage-standard under the communist nationalization scheme will enable Russia to dump products on western markets at prices with which we, owing to our standard of living and higher wages, cannot compete."

Dr. von Raumer called that the "real menace" of Communist Russia.

Inspired by the Pope's call for a modern-day crusade against Russia, widespread efforts in various countries are being made to crystallize sentiment into action. I am sceptical that anything very serious will come of it.

Trade, economic and financial boycott, could spell death to thousands of innocent Russians. I am surprised that Germans, who raised their voices in loud and bitter protest—and justly so—against the inhuman food blockade of Germany after the Armistice, should now advocate similar measures against Russia from religious motives.

Unhappily, the history of the Christian religion itself is not free from dark spots of persecution of those who differed in faith. Of the five great religions, Buddhism alone has been the religion of love and gentleness in practice.

I do not see either how any minister or parliament could, in face of the urgent unemployment problems, justify refusal to trade with Russia because of alleged religious persecution in that country, when we have not even the full facts and confirmation of such allegations.

GENIUS AND WIFE.—"There is no such thing as 'genius.' Genius as acclaimed by the world is passion for work, for achievement. Concentration of mind. Passionate devotion of self, time, energy, soul, to some task or ideal."

Professor Albert Einstein, famous scientist and philosopher, modestly denied the consciousness of being in any way a super-man of the age. He was my table-partner at a dinner the other evening, given in her Berlin home by Madame Julien Luchaire, wife of the Director of the International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation.

Unassuming, humorous, very human in his appreciation of the good dishes and lively conversation, ready with witty repartee to every sally, Einstein, unlike most men of science, revealed himself very much a man of the world. In appearance, however, he is true to type. Long curling grey hair, fine pale features, gentle eyes, reflective, detached manner in repose, low, vibrant voice. He has no fads. Enjoyed his dinner the better for a glass of wine and cigar.

"How do I work? I grope." Expressively, he spread his hands as if to seize the invisible. "I have built my theories out of nothing, for there was nothing to guide me, no precedent. I experimented with every idea, no matter how ridiculous. I adventured passionately for years in the trackless realms of imagination and possibility." I asked Professor Einstein what rôle inspiration and spiritual revelation play in his scientific discoveries.

"Inspiration comes like a lightning flash at the end of the search. Years of work, experiment, disappointment, groping in the darkness, are suddenly illumined by one second of dazzling revelation. Success is a baptism of light."

He explained to me that his famous theory is in three parts. "Three degrees of initiation, like the ancients," he commented. The theory which he recently expounded in Paris is in effect a new theory, not merely supplementary to the first. The first, which stirred the world as being spectacularly complicated, Einstein claims is "simple enough to be understood by anyone who thinks." He admitted that what has followed and is yet to come "may be difficult for the average non-scientific mind to grasp."

The Professor thinks that the exigencies of modern life do not leave time enough for serious study and meditation. He is not, however, one of those many philosophers who have told me that the world is whirling itself giddy on pleasure. He has kindly words for Youth, and unsurprised toleration for those who admit in halting embarassment that they do not understand what the "Einstein theory" is all about.

I think that Frau Else Einstein keeps him human, bringing him back from the clouds for his friends. She was my *vis-à-vis* at dinner. Middle height, plump, animated, laughing, grey hair softly dressed, ivory complexion, extraordinarily strong and characterful expression. I feel sure that if Frau Else has a theory, it is that a genius is a man for a' that, as susceptible to a cheerful home, savoury meal, and comfort as any ordinary mortal. "My wife is a wonderful woman," Einstein confides to his friends. "My husband is a wonderful man," Frau Else challenges with her bright eyes. Individually they are modesty and gentleness personified, serenely unsoiled and simple.

A HOLOCAUST OF GODS.—World protest against the alleged attempt of the Soviet Government to "dethrone God" in the minds of Russia's millions emphasizes the fact that post-war national renaissance tends towards the secular and material.

During my last visit to China a widespread campaign was in progress all over the country against "superstition." The Hankow Bureau of Social Affairs had issued an edict banning a large number of the old gods. According to this edict the sun god, king of the east, whose place is beside the Buddha in the temples, may no longer cast the radiance of his sanctity in the Celestial Kingdom. The moon god goes, the god of fire, the god of the sea, the dragon king, the gods of the wind, thunder, and lightning. The goddess of smallpox may no longer be propitiated, and saddest of all, the kitchen god, is to be deposed. The list of ungodly gods is a long one, and it is not difficult to understand the Chinese reluctance at parting with the gods who control noxious insects, the fairy Chang who protects little Manchu children, the three Taoist nuns who help at child-birth—Blue Sky, Cloudy Sky, and Red Sky.

Significant of the material trend of twentieth-century awakening China are the qualifications of the gods permitted to exercise their beneficial functions in modern China. Fu Hsi, who taught the people to hunt, fish, keep flocks, and prepare written documents. Shen Nung, who invented the plough. Hwang Ti, founder of the legal system, metric system, musical notation, and principles of architecture. One goddess—Lei Tsu, goddess of silkworms. Ts'ang Chieh, inventor of writing. Hou Chi, who taught the sowing of grain and growing of vegetables. Yu, the engineering genius. A very useful band of gods to cultivate!

Four religious leaders are to be honoured, apart from Confucius and Mencius. Shakyamuni, Lao Tzu, the "Most Ancient Worthy" and alleged author of the Canon of Tao, Muhammad, founder of the "pure true religion," and lastly Jesus—to be honoured as a Jewish teacher who constantly emphasized equality and universal love. The edict makes no distinction between Jesus and Moses, regarding them apparently as one.

It certainly looks as if the Nationalist Government of China has profited by the example of futile efforts on the parts of other Governments to suppress or eliminate religion from the life of the people, and instead of abdicating the gods in favour of Nationalism, intend to try to harness them and their constructive powers to the chariot of the nation's progress. China, by the way, is the only country which defies inventors and scientists, rather than destructive, if more spectacular elements.

GERMAN CABINET CRISIS: President von Hindenburg has accepted the resignation of the Mueller Cabinet and has charged Dr. Bruening, leader of the Centre (Catholic) party in the Reichstag with the formation of the new Cabinet. Dr. Bruening is seen leaving the President's residence after the audience

"WE LIVE UPON OIL."—Petrol moves the world. Petrol, rather than steam or electricity, is the great propulsive force today. That is manifest from new statistics which show that there are in use 34,897,323 automobiles of every description.

America leads the wheeled procession with two-and-a-half times as many motor-cars as all the rest of the world put together. The United States has 28,612,136 automobiles.

Europe has 4,649,793 motor-vehicles, Australia and Oceana, 788,773; Asia, 509,256; Africa, 319,365. The world is taking to motoring. Since 1922 there has been an increase of 176 per cent. in cars.

Next to America comes Britain, with 1,370,711 motors. France is third, Canada fourth, and Germany fifth with 609,030 cars. Czecho-Slovakia shows the greatest increase in the last eight years, jumping from 4,138 cars in 1922 to 65,600 in 1929. China, with nearly 500,000,000 people, the largest population of any country in the world, has but 30,283 motor-cars, scarcely more than Portugal. India, with 320,000,000 people, has 164,275 cars, compared with Sweden's 144,519. Austria, with only six-and-a-half million population, has 34,500, the South African Union 141,674. Bermuda is at the foot of the list with only twenty cars to its 20,410 population.

Modern civilization is on wheels, propelled by petrol. Small wonder that a Washington journalist wrote a book *We Fight for Oil*. For oil has replaced coal as a great factor in international politics.

FROM the SUNNY SPANISH PENINSULA

Some New Scenes from the South-West Corner of Europe

THE SPANIARD OF TRADITION: A series of models depicting the types of Valencia in the fifteenth century. They are exhibited for the first time in Madrid

SUNNY HOURS ON THE ROCK: Despite its cramped space, Gib provides many pleasant places for the garrison in off-duty hours—e.g., Catalan Bay, on the western slope, seen above

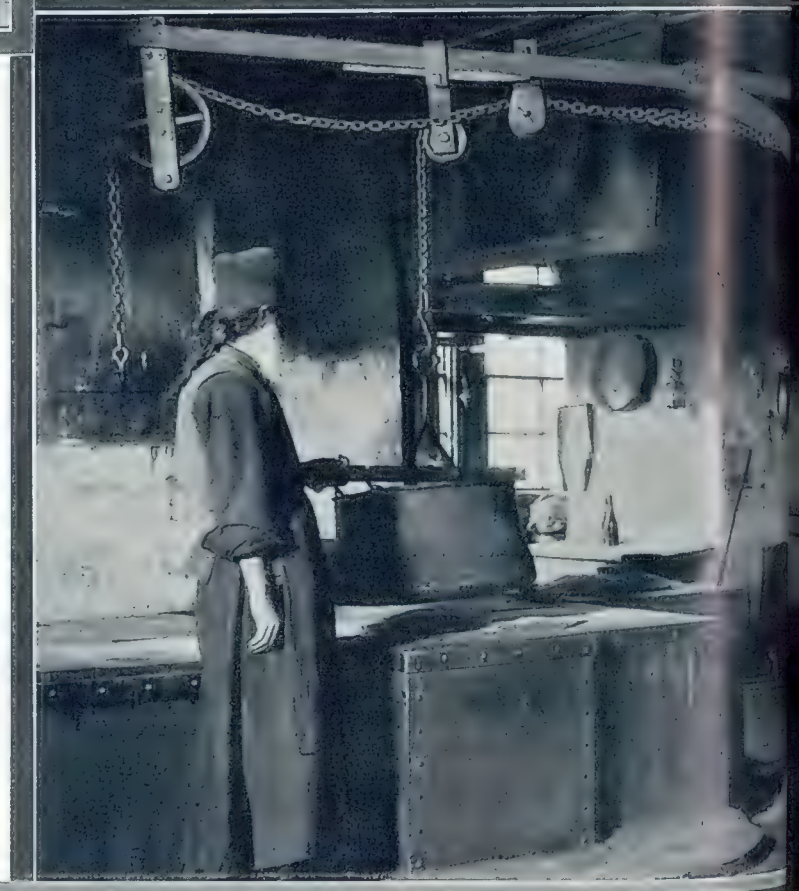
CARRYING TWO SPARE WHEELS! A novel type of tyre transport used by an Arab in Morocco

"NO WOMAN'S LA

The Strange Celibate Community of Mount Ath Empire, by the Sublime Port, and by the Greek Gov

THE GREAT BELL CAST IN RUSSIA: A monk about to sound t... mented round the exterior rim with formal designs and a Russian inscription maintained in the most stringent fashion, for not only are women forbidden ... landing-jetty of the monasteries lest any women should penetrate the fas... behind him and the Greek Governor who succeeded him used to ask vis...

THE GLORY OF BYZANTIUM: An interior of one of the exquisite chapels of Mount Athos, showing two monks at prayer. The life lived by the community is strenuous in the extreme. Prayers are held from 1 a.m. until 4.30; breakfast is at 7; work of the most arduous type is carried on until a meatless lunch; rest until 4; work until 5; devotions until 7; and bed at 9



THE PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL: The hermit of Mount Athos, who is seventy-nine years old and has lived for the past thirty-seven years in a cave under the rocks through snow and rain, winter and summer. He is talking to Captain Vladimir Perfilieff, who has recorded pictorially the life of Mount Athos. The hermit tells the captain that "God is Love, Tolerance, and Nature"

VISITORS AND INMATES: Captain Vladimir Perfilieff, the third standing figure from ... with his three companions, on his expedition to Mount Athos for the purpose of recording the ... of the monks. These particular monks are Bulgars at the Monastery of Zograph

A woman's foot will tread the sacred groves of Holy Mount Athos in Greece—famous as the Monks' Republic—for the first time in more than a thousand years if the intention of the Greek Government to confiscate the property of deserted monasteries and colonize part of the romantic headland with refugees is carried out. The advent of the colonists with their families will put an end to a regime unparalleled in history and commercialize the most sacred soil (west of Palestine) in the world. Before the coming of the monks a Greek temple stood on Athos and morning hymns were chanted to Apollo. When Troy fell a beacon on the sacred mount spread the news of victory

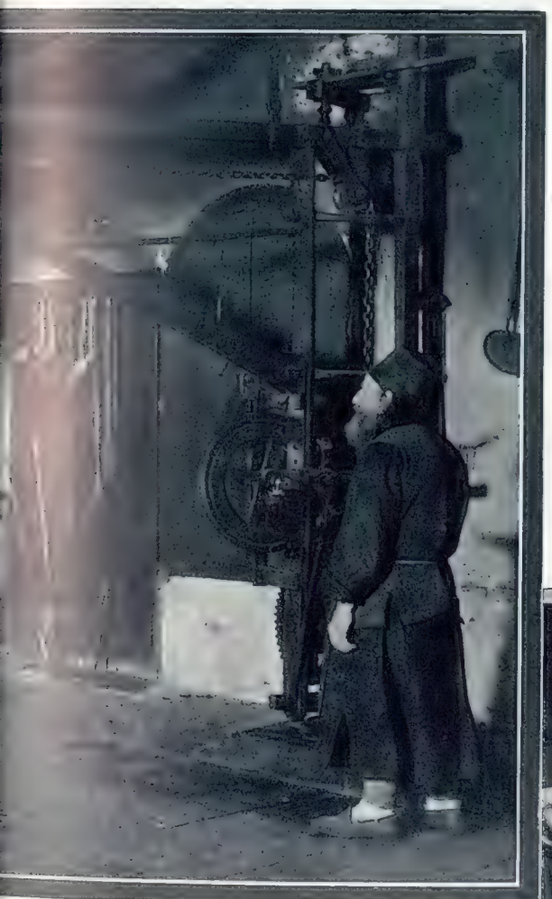
ND" to be ABROGATED?

stablished by Constantine the Great, Maintained by the Byzantine ent, is now, for the first time since the first century, in Jeopardy

of the Athos community. It was cast in Moscow, and is orna-
nunity of Mount Athos the old Christian ideal of celibacy is
le animals are prohibited. Sentinels are maintained at the
ise. Even the pre-War Turkish Governor left his harem
with him whether there were a woman left in the world

THE CUP THAT CHEERS: Two Bulgarian monks occupied in making wine in a lonely kelia at Kirashy, the most southern portion of the Mount Athos peninsula. Wine, even profane, as opposed to sacred wine—is permitted in the strange masculine community

AN ALMOST TIBETAN TEMPLE: The Monastery of Simapetra poised precariously on the rocky slopes of Mount Athos. The magnificence of the scenery beggars description



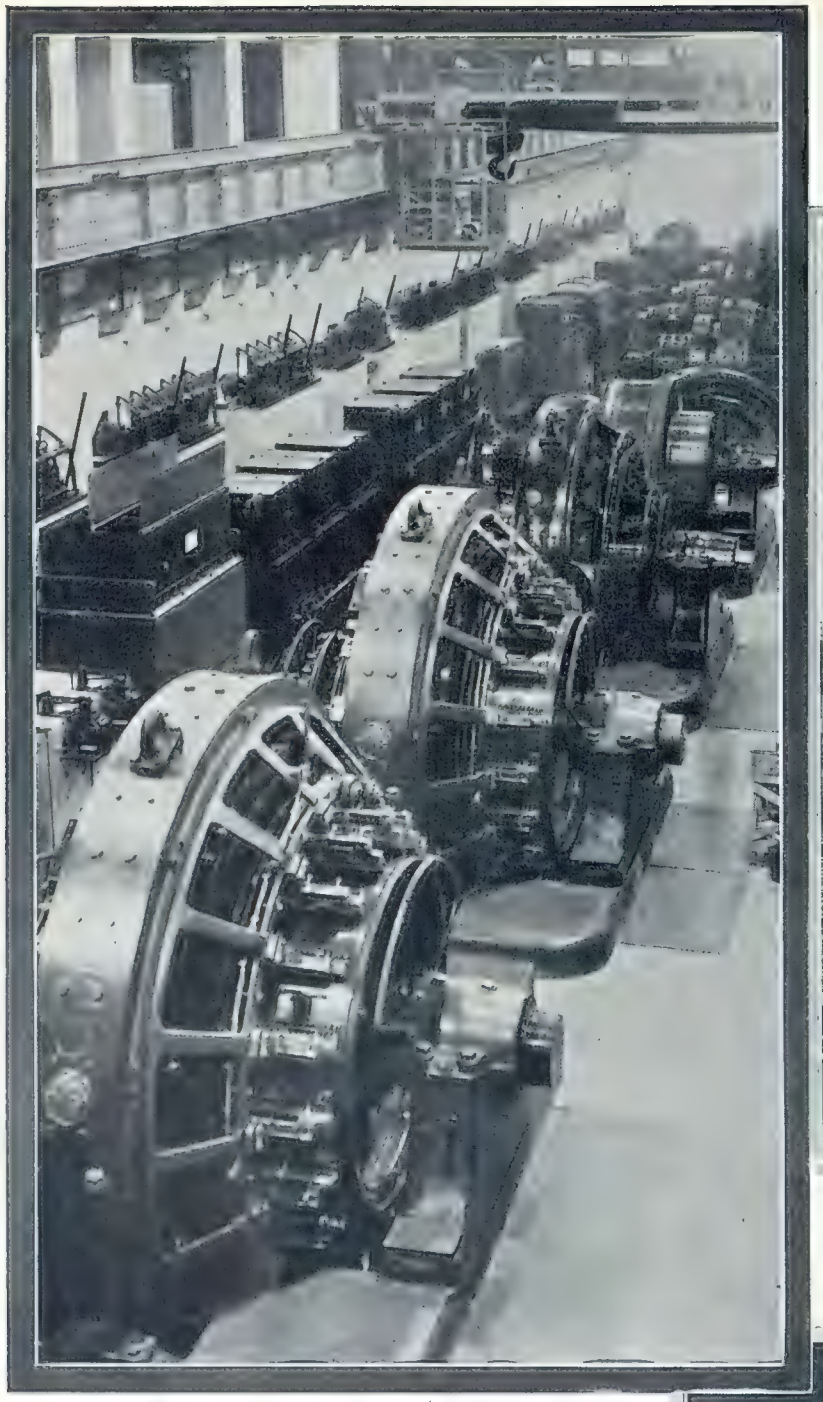
NDER PRIMITIVE CONDITIONS: Monks of Mount Athos in the interior of one of the monastery kitchens built three centuries ago

THE MOST IMPORTANT CONFERENCE OF THE YEAR: The annual meeting of the high priests

roughout Greece. The first Apostle to leave Asia linor was shipwrecked on the peninsula, and the rince: of Byzantium received their education there. No ss remarkable are the amazing art treasures and ligious reliquaries on Athos, which includes a 13-in. linter from the Cross, a piece of the Virgin Mary's rdle (made of camel's-hair), the first translation of e Bible in Gregorian characters, and Constantine's ross. Now an army of refugees will settle where oly men have lived holy lives. The passing of mperial Russia, which supplied half the number monks and the bulk of their treasury, and the ltitude of the Greek Government, have all but ruined the republic. The monks, who wept with joy when Mount Athos was "delivered" from the Turks in 1912, are now remembering the Turkish Governor's prophetic words when he sailed away—"You will live to regret us!" Five centuries of Turkish rule left the monasteries rich, famous, and free.

The Sphere of MECHANICS

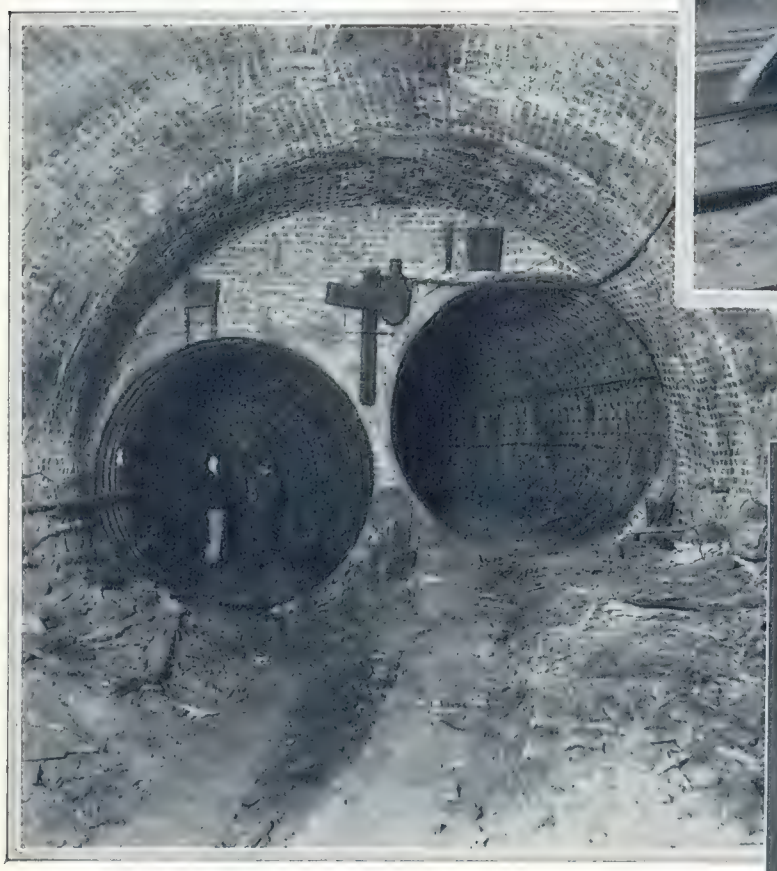
The Latest Developments in the Engineering World



IN THE DEEPEST ELECTRICAL PLANT IN THE WORLD: Huge dynamos in the new power plant 100 ft. deep in the bedrock of Manhattan Island. They are under Grand Central Station, New York, and supply current to the electric lines and the mid-town buildings

THE TRACK-LAYING TRAIN: A new cantilever truck on the L.N.E.R. which has almost human intelligence. It picks up sections of the old track, transfers it to a wagon, and lays a new section of track into position. One of the new sections is seen above laid out and ready to be pulled into position

IN THE LARGEST STATION IN EUROPE: The new gun-shaped buffers recently installed in the Gare de l'Est, Paris, a terminus linking the French capital with Central Europe. It has forty platforms and forty-two train lines, and thus compares even with the terrific termini of New York

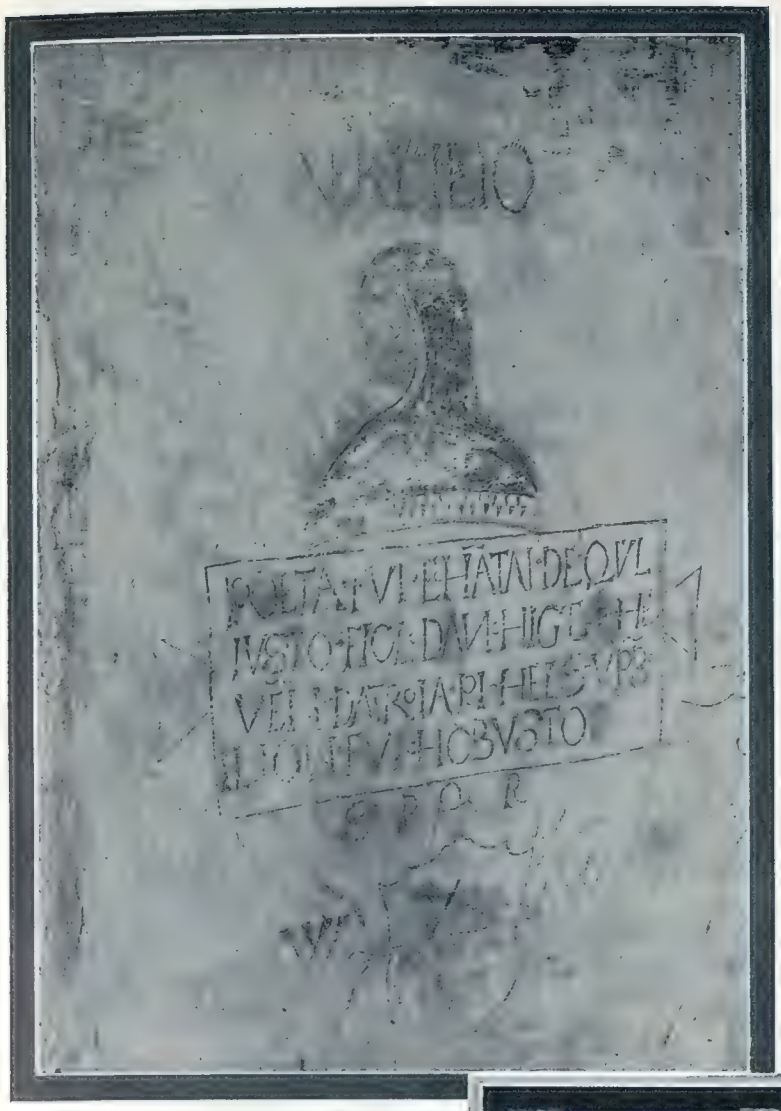


A TUBE FOR SALE! The tunnels of the old City and South London tube are offered for purchase. They were the tunnels of the first electric tube railway in London, and ran from old King William Street Station to the Borough. They were laid in 1890 and abandoned in 1900. They are not to be confused with the line from Waterloo to the Bank, nor the precursor to the Hampstead, Edgware, and Morden tube. The King William Street entrance is seen above

MILK FOR MILAN: The great depot where all the milk for the country is analysed, measured, and bottled for distribution in the city. The great containers for pasteurised milk are seen on the left. Each contains 3,600 litres and permits of an hourly production of 250,000 litres

CURIOSITIES of ART

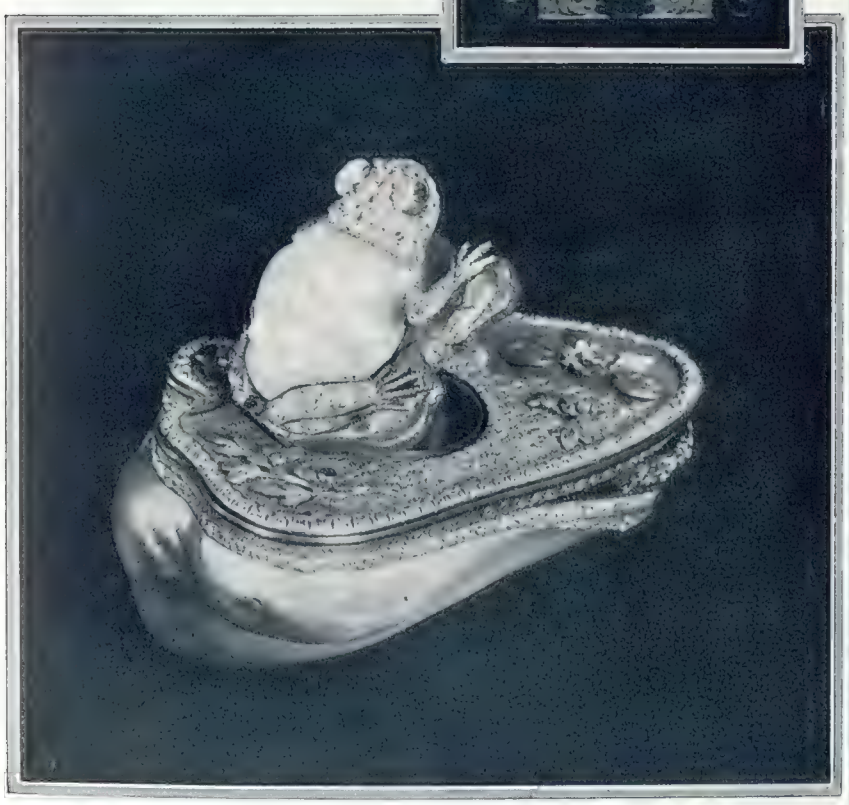
Recent, Historic, and Bizarre



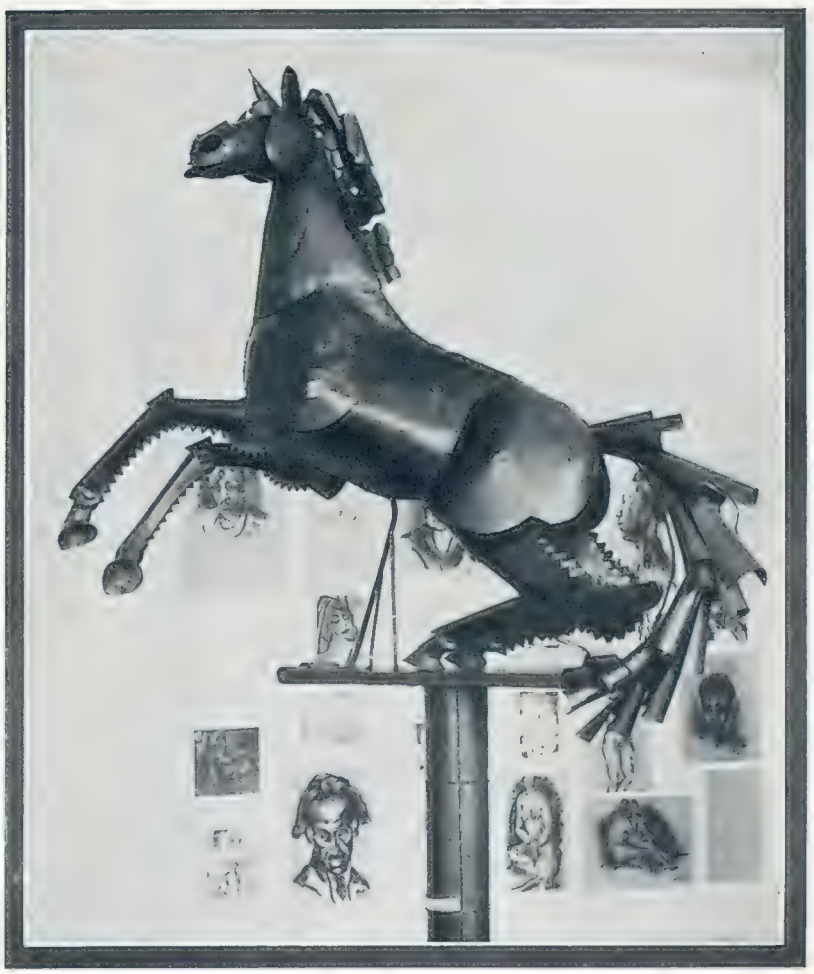
POETS OF IMPERIAL ROME AND RENAISSANCE ITALY: The sgraffitto *showing the head of Virgil and Dante's verses recently discovered in the excavations of the Temple of Nerva, Rome*

THE ART OF JAVA: A native of the Dutch East Indies at work on an intricately-patterned leather fan. Other specimens of his craft are grouped round him. Among other objects made solely in Java are gamelans*—the instruments of the orchestras used in the shadow dance*

On right—*A GIFT TO THE POPE: One of the covers of a missal in precious metals hand-carved by Señor Vicente Marche, a Spanish sculptor, who presented it to the Pope. The work took Señor Marche two years to complete*



NAPOLEON'S SNUFF-BOX: This unique snuff-box, originally used by Napoleon Bonaparte and still containing a few grains of his brown snuff, is formed of what is said to be the largest pearl in the world. On the lid of the box crouches a lifelike frog, whose body consists of another large pearl. He surveys a meadow of pale gold grass starred with jewelled flowers. A line of diamonds masks the junction between the jewelled top and the pearl which forms the base. From the private collection of Captain William Ogden



CURVETTING IN STEEL: A remarkable product of the Viennese artist, Fraulein Marian Fleck. It is executed in pure metal and, considering the medium, gives a marked impression both of equinity and movement

DINNER IS SERVED: Mr. George Arliss, Mr. Ralph Forbes, Mr. Ivan Simpson, Mr. H. B. Warner, and Miss Alice Joyce, in the latest film to star the creator of "Disraeli." *On left*—THE RAJAH'S AMUSED: Mr. Arliss torments his guests. Two scenes from "The Green Goddess"

FROM the SCREEN WORLD.

Robot Actors—The Silver Screen to be Replaced by Air

(FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT)

Edison, the great American inventor, recently said that we are only on the threshold of discovery. To us this seems difficult to believe at first. What more can we have than speaking, coloured, and three-dimensional films? Is it really possible to go any farther?

It seems to be. Plans of which I have just been informed in America are so fantastic that they take one's breath away. Besides the cinema of the future—the near future, if one may believe what one hears—the most sumptuous film palace, seating its 2,000 people, is a mere shed. Imagine what I saw in New York. A colossal building, naturally a sky-scraper, with countless offices, bathrooms, restaurants, reception-rooms, its own electric-light plant and post-office, on the roof an aeroplane landing-stage with an apparatus for catapult starting, hangers for guests' machines, workshops, and petrol-pumps. Express lifts take the visitors to a huge domed hall with growing plants, artificial pools, waterfalls, and concealed lighting in which people sit at small tables, talking and smoking with their friends and enjoying a unique kind of entertainment. It is a cinema performance without a screen, with no fixed point of projection. Living pictures, coloured, sharply outlined though without shadows, in the middle of the hall, exactly like real actors. Their voices do not come out of any loudspeaker, but are localized, emerging from the mouths of the speaking pictures themselves, which—with absolutely no flicker—give the audience the direct impression of actuality.

To-day all that is possible. There are not so much technical difficulties in the way as money. Theoretically, the problem of the screenless film has been solved in U.S.A. as well as in Germany. The silver screen will in time completely disappear from our theatres, and will be supplanted by air. The picture-phantoms will be produced by means of cross light-rays. That means that a picture will be projected from more than one place at the same time. The rays will unite in the centre of the hall, where they will be seen as stereoscopic three-dimensional forms.

It will be remarkable when phantoms of air, intangible yet clearly visible and audible, will walk among us. Thomas Alva Edison thinks further. One day, we shall no longer have real actors, but automatic ones—Robots. Certainly the machine actor will be more tractable for the producer to handle and will cost far less in salaries. The conditions for projection in these cinemas will be ideal. The whole technical outfit will consist of a rotating disc, a light-projector and a microphone. The transmission will be centralized so that a dozen theatres receive the same picture simultaneously from one place. All that the manager will have to do is to switch the apparatus on and off, and, of course, pay the entertainment taxes. I believe that we shall have automatons as actors in ten years' time. I should think that, at the latest, in two years' time we shall be able to have speaking projection-screens, which will localize the voices of the actors to give a perfectly natural effect.

Edison said further that we shall have three-dimensional naturally-coloured films in 1930; "speaking canvas" at the latest in 1932; localized sound projection in 1933; the first appearance of a film without screen or loud-speaker in 1935; cinemas served by wireless from a central transmission station in 1938; and not later than 1940 cinemas, such as the one described above, will have sprung up all over the world."

THE RAJAH OF RUKH: Mr. George Arliss as the Europeanised Prince of India in the new Warner Brothers and Vitaphone production based on the play seen at the St. James's in 1923–4

THE LAST THREAT: Mr. George Arliss shows his hand to Miss Alice Joyce and Mr. Ralph Forbes in the film version of "The Green Goddess"

In the WILDS of Ethiopia.
ABYSSINIA Newly Pictured.

MODERN ART IN ABYSSINIA: Ras Tafari, "King of the Lion of Judah," enthroned at Addis Ababa. A recent portrait by Belatcheou, the only painter in Abyssinia

THE AUTOCRAT: Ras Tafari Makonnen, Negus of Abyssinia, one of the last two absolute monarchs left in the world to-day

A WARRIOR OF SHEBA'S LAND: Fiturari of Arbie, a Colonel in the Army and a soldier of the old school. The shield is solid gold covered with buffalo skin. The head-dress is of lion mane

IN BATTLE ARRAY: A two-spear man in fighting kit in the Abyssinian Army

In the WILDS of

A Special Section Dealing with Life
once Ruled by the

AN ARISTOCRAT OF ABYSSINIA: Dejazmath Berru, Governor and Prince of Sidamo, wearing an imperial and a gorgeous uniform

A GALLA HUNTER: *The shield o killing of a rhinoceros: the hair a giraffe: the ear-rings of gold th bracelet the killing of a lion; and*

DRESSED IN CLOTH OF THE COUNTRY: A typical Galla woman from the South-west of Ethiopia. The Galla tongue is Hamitic

BELLE OF HER DUSKY LAND: A beauty of the Hamitic Galla stock of Abyssinia. The Ethiopic race produces magnificent physical specimens

PRINCE AND PRINCESS: Dejazmath Berru of Si

Under the leadership of Captain Harold White, a distinguished American hunter and explorer, an expedition of the Field Museum of Natural History of Chicago recently returned to the U.S.A. after completing an

ABYSSINIA.

s Lived under an Autocracy
of Sheba

forehead designates the
the neck the killing of
ng of an elephant : the
or various other trophies

A WARRIOR OF ETHIOPIA WITH LION-MANE HEAD-DRESS: *Fiturari of Arbie in lion-mane head-dress and shoulder-cloak. He carries a spear of solid gold covered with buffalo hide*

o and the Princess at the Palace at Hargarsalam

THE SECOND IN COMMAND: *Fiturari Ayelu of Hargarsalam, the right-hand man to the Prince of Sidamo, at the head of his troops*

estricted exploration of Abyssinia. Many resting discoveries were made, and rare nals for the museum were bagged in the e-known regions of the far-off land. While Addis Ababa, capital of the country, the members of the party were the guests of Tafari Makonnen, Negus of Abys-sinia and supreme ruler of Ethiopia, who entertained them sumptuously during their stay.

WILLS'S

'GOLD FLAKE'

The smooth cigarette

DUMAS LIVES AGAIN

Special "Sphere" Pictures Taken During the Première of "The Three Musketeers," the Great Musical Spectacle at Theatre Royal, Drury Lane

MUSKETEERS: Porthos, Aramis, D'Artagnan, and Athos

ROYAL DISPLEASURE The King expresses his annoyance at the Musketeers fighting the Cardinal's Guards. From left to right—M. de Treville (Mr. Stephen Ewart), D'Artagnan (Mr. Dennis King), Porthos (Mr. Robert Woollard), Aramis (Mr. Raymond Newell), Athos (Mr. Jack Livesey), and Louis XIII (Mr. George Bishop) in the Tuileries Gardens

"ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL": Aramis (Mr. Raymond Newell) sings the song of the Musketeers. The play is colourful and melodic, and should prove as attractive as its predecessors

THE ARRIVAL OF D'ARTAGNAN: Mr. Dennis King, who has leaped (after nine years' arduous preparation) into fame, and Mr. Gordon Crocker as the innkeeper, with members of the ensemble

BEAU GESTE: The King, Louis XIII (Mr. George Bishop) says that, as atonement for having believed his Queen unfaithful, he will give a great ball. The Queen (Miss Lilian Davies) is seen on the King's right hand; Miss Adrienne Brune (Constance Bonacieux) is on the extreme right

RICHELIEU: Mr. Arthur Wontner in character

A LADY OF LETTERS: *Mary Gladstone, later Mary Drew, whose "Diaries and Letters," published by Methuen, are reviewed below*

THE SPHERE of BOOKS

By JAMES LAVER

Some Victorians—and Eleanora Duse

Lord Melbourne is only a Victorian at all because he was the Queen's first Prime Minister. An engaging picture of him was given by Mr. Lytton Strachey, but there was room for the admirable biography which has just been published—*Lord Melbourne*, by Bertram Newman (Macmillan, 12s. 6d. net). To many the most interesting part of the book will be the first few chapters, when Melbourne seemed extremely unlikely to be Prime Minister at all, and was chiefly famous as the husband of the eccentric Lady Caroline Lamb. It is scarcely surprising that he should tell Queen Victoria that Lord Byron was "inconceivably treacherous; I believe he loved treachery," for the poet had given him every reason to think so. Certainly if anything or anybody could have driven Melbourne mad his wife and Byron would have done so. But he has a sublime common sense which carried him over every difficulty and made him particularly suited to preside over the difficult transition from an England essentially eighteenth century to an England essentially nineteenth.

Franklin seems, somehow, a comparatively recent figure, yet he was a midshipman at the Battle of Copenhagen and on board the *Bellerophon* at the Battle of Trafalgar. *John Franklin's Bride (Eleanor Anne Porden)*, by the Hon. Mrs. Gell (John Murray, 15s. net), is a work of piety on the part of the wife of Franklin's grandson. It is modestly conceived and pleasantly written, and serves to illuminate a little-known corner of social history. Franklin knew that his wife was dying but she refused to allow him to put off his polar expedition. He went, and the end of his heroic voyage is known.

With *Mary Gladstone* we are on more familiar ground. Her *Diaries and Letters*, edited by Lucy Masterman (Methuen, 21s. net), range from 1858, when she was eleven years old, to 1924, three years before her death. She kept a diary continuously from 1870 to 1886, when she married Mr. Drew, and in a desultory fashion afterwards, and as she met nearly everybody in Victorian society her manuscript was well worth printing. That she was not always charitable may be gathered from the fact that she referred to the present editress as "rather a minx, with forward, priggy manners," but there is no wanton malice in the style of the book which some recent memoirs have made familiar.

Over the greater part of the book is thrown the vast shadow of Gladstone, that enigmatic man who grows yet more of an enigma as we recede from the days of his personal influence. Disraeli gains in perspective because he moved on one plane. His actions and his ideals were not less romantic from being strictly matter-of-fact, and the romance increases daily. His nature was uncomplicated by any of the dæmonic influences which made Gladstone a mystery even to himself—a man with one foot in another world. Such a man suffers more than any from disciples, for they tend to represent him as a Liberal statesman, as a philanthropist, whereas he was a figure out of the Old Testament, a vehement prophet the key to whose motives lies below the surface—or above our heads. Some day someone will write a real life of Gladstone, and meanwhile we must be grateful for the light shed by this book on one of the most complex characters in English history.

There are other things in the book of course. We pay visits to Millais' studio; we meet Arthur Balfour and Spencer Lyttelton as young men; we dine with Tennyson—"uncommonly courtly with lumbago"; we travel with Lord Acton to Tegernsee; we make the acquaintance of the Comte de Paris—"rather dull, though not so stiff as most royal things," we bask in the smiles of the future Queen Alexandra.

One realizes a side of the Gladstone family which is often forgotten, its extraordinary jollity. The "P.M." after being defeated in the House came down to a chuckling breakfast. Even the Rev. Harry Drew is full of "glorious giggles and dry humour and animal spirits." What one realizes even more vividly is the power of Parliament in those days, when the newspapers printed debates in full, and people actually read them. A strange time! We are separated from it by a gulf too wide and deep to pass.

It was not in Gladstone's nature to be very conscious of what was happening on the Continent. Those who wish to be reminded will do well to read *The Life of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Habsburg* by Baron von Mitis, translated by M. H. Jerome and Eileen O'Connor, B.A. (Skeffington, 21s. net). It is a courtier's book, not very well proportioned, and the style gives that impression of woolliness so frequent in translations from the German which are no more than adequate. There are times, alas! when it is not even that, and the proof-reading might have been better.

AN IMMORTAL: *Eleanora Duse, tragic, brilliant and, probably, the greatest realistic actress of all time*

"Immediately after the catastrophe, considerations of all kinds imposed an intense *serve* on important persons" is a sentence which should never have been allowed to pass, and the translators should not have allowed the name of Rudolph's mistress to be spelt in one way on the plates and in another way in the text.

Nevertheless the period of Central European history which is covered by the life of the unfortunate prince has had such a lasting effect on the rest of Europe that one is grateful for the retelling of an obscure and complicated story. The author will have nothing to do with the wild rumours of Rudolph's assassination. He died by his own hand, and Mary Vecsera was not the first woman he had implored to die with him. His debts, the complications of his private life, his almost treasonable connection with the Hungarian nationals, and a streak of madness in his nature, intensified by dissipation, combined to wreck a most promising career. It is idle to speculate on what might have happened had Rudolph lived, for Franz Joseph survived until the Great War and shared none of his son's hatred of Prussia and liking for France. It is odd to think that Rudolph had sympathetic connections with no less a person than Clemenceau!

That redoubtable old man had, before his death, just managed to finish his *Grandeur and Misery of Victory* (Harrap. 21s. net), here offered in an anonymous English translation. The book is in part an answer to the memoirs of Foch, that "impudent farrago of troopers' tales in which, in the cosy privacy of the barrack room, the soldier is unconsciously seeking his revenge for conflicts with authority that did not always end in his favour." It will be seen that the Tiger has lost none of his teeth. "You challenge me," he says in his preface. "Here I am." If ever the essence of a human being was distilled into a single book, that book is here. There is something terrifying in the spectacle of the terrible veteran pausing, as it were, on the brink of the grave to snarl his barely concealed contempt for Wilson, his hostility to Lloyd George, his unquenchable hatred of Germany.

"He had one illusion, France, and one disillusion, mankind." Keynes has summed him up for ever in his picture of the Peace Conference. Listen to his account of the signing of the Treaty of Versailles by the German delegates! "Less arrogance on the day of the signing, when the Great King's mirrors now sent back nothing but the will-o'-the-wisps of the big round spectacles like crowns about administrative skulls, whose sour, set faces belied the vague gestures of a frigid courtesy." What a man to direct a war! And what a man to devise a peace!

It is a relief to turn from these desperate and too recent happenings to the quietude of Victorian anecdotal painting. *The Life of Sir William Quilter Orchardson*, by Hilda Orchardson Gray (Hutchinson, 21s. net) recalls an almost forgotten world, a world of Empire dress and 1880 sentiment—"Her Mother's Voice," "Napoleon on Board the *Bellerophon*," and "If Music Be the Food of Love, Play On." Yet Orchardson was no mere anecdotalist, and one is frequently surprised to find in the middle of some unfashionable insipidity *un morceau bien peint* which our younger artists have no right to despise. Orchardson has his place among Victorian artists.

Eleanora Duse was not a Victorian. She belongs to all time. Her *Life* by E. A. Rheinhardt (Martin Secker. 10s. 6d. net) is an admirable piece of work, the private life of the actress handled with delicacy and insight. It is a sad and yet heartening story, for she had none of Bernhardt's sheer joy in battle, none of her hard-headed elation as the money came rolling in. Duse was a tragic figure from her lean, uncomfortable childhood to the infatuation for d'Annunzio, which he repaid as his nature bade him, and from that unfortunate affair to her sufferings during the War and her unhappy death in Pittsburg—of all places in the world. It is impossible to read the account of the bringing of her body to Italy without being moved. But the author is mistaken in the name of the "English lady" who brought Duse to England in the time of her greatest poverty. The name of the lady was Mrs. Gabrielle Enthoven.

briefly commended

Misadventures of a Working Hobo in Canada, by *G. H. Westbury.* **(Routledge. 6s. net.)**—The author, a man in middle life, of independent means, posed as an immigrant and prospected the Dominion as a working-man with no qualifications. He has a strange tale to tell of his adventures and his speculations on the part Canada may play in Britain's unemployment problem are extremely acute.

Memoirs of Marmontel, with Sainte-Beuve's Essay on Marmontel, *Translated by Brigit Patmore and Edited by Richard Aldington.* **(Routledge. 15s. net.)**—A protégé of Voltaire, a rival in love of the Marechal de Saxe, a prisoner in the Bastille, a warrior against the Sorbonne, a member of the Academy, a friend of Pompadour, a bridegroom of fifty, and a man of humour and honesty, tells his story. Charmingly written.

The Heroines of Ancient Persia—Stories retold from the *Shahnama* of Firdansi, by *Bapsy Pavry.* **(Cambridge University Press. 15s. net.)**—The tales from the "Book of the Kings" are fascinating. The illustrations, delicately reproduced, have been selected from Persian MSS. in the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

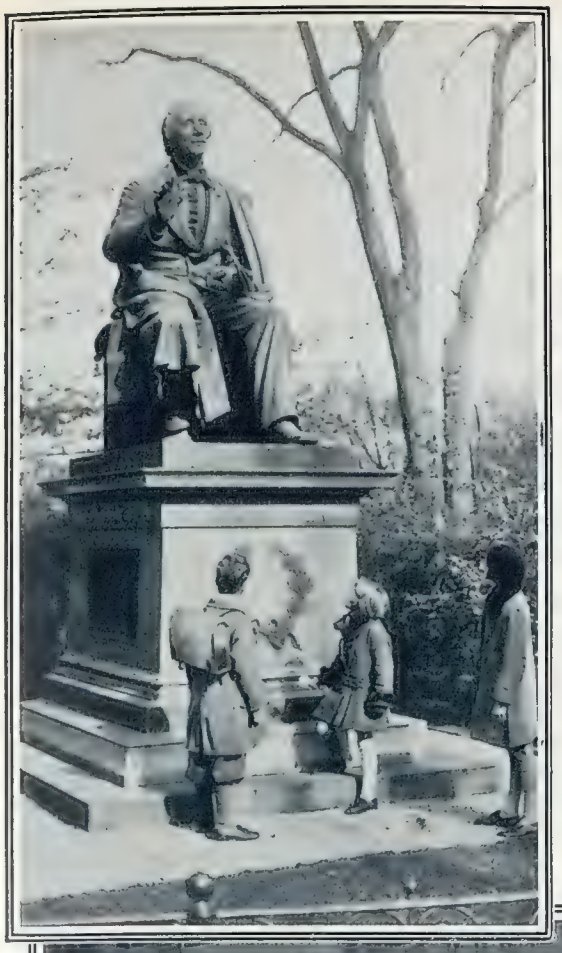
The Reign of the Emperor Francis Joseph, by *Karl Tschuppik.* **(Bell. 21s. net.)**—A history of Imperial Austria from 1848 onward, and of a reign beginning in war and revolution and ending in one with the promise of the other. The G.O.M. of autocracy, cursed by the Karolyi—a curse that was fulfilled—forms a tragic study. The translation by C. J. S. Sprigge is good.

"That Devil Wilkes," by *R. W. Postgate.* **(Constable. 14s. net.)**—The son-in-law of "Lido" Lansbury, himself an ardent Labourite, writes energetically of the "People's M.P."—member of the Hell Fire Club, drunkard, Lord Mayor, debtor, gaolbird, and fascinating genius. The I.L.P. is small beer (unintoxicating and unintoxicated) compared to the Radicals of Wilkes's day.

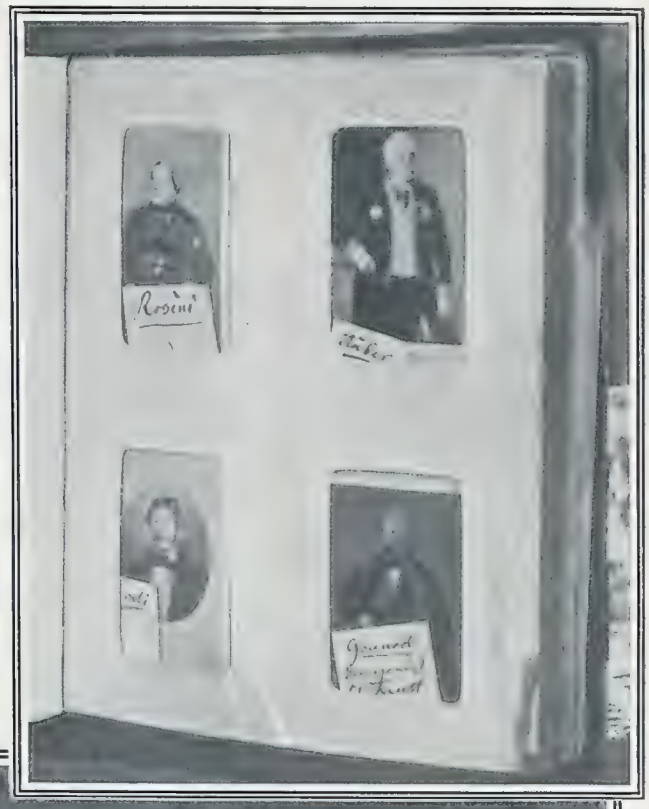
Letters to Young Sportsmen—on Hunting, Angling, and Shooting, by *Lieut.-Col. J. Mackillop, Horace G. Hutchinson, and Major Kenneth Dawson. Illustrated by Lionel Edwards.* **(Country Life. 12s. 6d. net.)**—An excellently produced volume containing information indispensable to the young sportsman, lucidly expressed.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, 1805–75

THE CELEBRATIONS IN DENMARK OF THE 125TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH



THE HOME OF A POET: *No. 67, Nyhavn, Copenhagen, where Hans Andersen lived for many years of his writing life*



THE TRIBUTE OF A NATION: *The thronged square before the Town Hall, Copenhagen, when 700 children dressed as characters from the famous fairy tales passed in procession and recited portions of the stories and poems. The moment recorded above occurred during the speech of the Mayor.* Inset above on left—*The statue of the poet, on which children are laying snowdrops;* inset above on right—*A page, devoted to composers, from the poet's album*

THE GENIUS OF CHILDHOOD: *Hans Christian Andersen, 1805–1875, the most beloved maker of tales*

IN CHARACTER: *A few of the 700 children who were dressed in the characters of the fairy tales and marched in procession to the Town Hall, where they recited the poet's works*

THE HOUSE WHERE HE WAS BORN: *The picturesque dwelling in Hans Jensensgade, Odense, where Hans Andersen was born, April 2, 1805*

The most tender and delicate writer of fairy tales, Hans Christian Andersen, inordinately popular in his life, has grown in influence and popularity posthumously. On the 125th anniversary of his birth both Odense, where he was born, and Copenhagen, where the greater part of his work was written, were *en fete.* Andersen's tales—notably *The Ugly Duckling, The Emperor's New Clothes,* and above all, *The Tin Soldier,* not only set a new standard for children's stories but have won for him a lasting place in the heart of the youth of the world

RAY-THERAPY for PIGS.

Successful Experiments on a Hertfordshire Farm: and Other Pictures from the Shires of England

"OH TO BE IN ENGLAND NOW THAT APRIL'S THERE": Among the many delights of Spring is the tiny leaf, the hoary dew, the first fine careless rapture of the thrush, enumerated by Browning in his "Home Thoughts from Abroad," but he omitted the lambs that are such a graceful and charming feature of the vernal season in our happy land

BIGGER AND BETTER PORKERS: The rays of a Tungsten arc lamp are played upon litters of pigs with great effect. Their weight increased by from 2½ to 3 lb. per day, and they were marketed four weeks earlier than pigs reared in the normal way

THE HAPPY FAMILY, OR PIGS WILL BE PIGS! A sow and her litter slumber peacefully while awaiting their "call" at the opening of the North London Exhibition at "Ally Pally"—the Alexandra Palace

VIOLET RAYS MEAN BETTER MILK: Mr. J. O. Hickman, a farmer of Micklefield Green, near Rickmansworth, Herts, has also found that ultra-violet rays applied for a few seconds before milking to the udders of his cows have greatly reduced the bacteria in the milk. The subsequent irradiation of the milk still further reduced the bacteria content, enabling it to be kept fresh for a much longer period. At the same time it added to it the valuable Vitamin D, the anti-rickets vitamin, without destroying the equally valuable Vitamin A. Mr. Hickman is the first farmer to carry out such experiments and to make the irradiation of milk a practical proposition. The milk is run at a certain rate over an ordinary cooler, and at the same time subjected to the rays from a mercury vapour lamp. Fifteen seconds' exposure has been found to yield the best results. This experiment, which has been carried on for nearly three years, is estimated to cost not more than ½d. per gallon. The process, Mr. Hickman claims, produces ten times the amount of Vitamin D produced by either of the German methods, Sheidt and Sholl

The WORLD of WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

SIMPLIFICATION *is* VEXATION!

—The Charge Against the Complexity of Modern Life should be a Pæan of Praise

By MADGE GARLAND

"The ever-increasing complexity of modern life"—how much we hear about it! We are continually being reminded of the myriad machines which, according to the papers, make our lives so involved and difficult, and are perpetually being asked to pity ourselves for having to contend with the abnormally complex circumstances of modern life.

No one ever considers the extreme simplicity of our existence. When I am thirsty I go to a tap, turn it on, fill a glass, and drink it. When I want to wash I go to a bathroom, fill the bath with hot water (which is heated so far as I know by a miracle), scent it with rose-water, which can be procured ready-distilled, and wash myself with soap which can be bought ready-made. Now my ancestresses (and indeed those contemporaries in Asia who still lead primitive lives) were put to far greater trouble. They had to repair to the nearest well with a bucket in their hands, or perhaps a pottery jar on their head—excellent, I am told for the gait, but I wonder how it affects the temper? But then those far-away forbears (or desert-dwellers) led such delightfully simple existences; perhaps they were not afflicted with tempers, and could therefore take as many trips to the well as was compatible with thirst and cleanliness, though I doubt whether they ever enjoyed that most delightful of all modern contrivances, a real bath. Then they had to distil their own rose-water, and as for soap, it is not often referred to in historical documents.

When I am hungry I can procure sustenance tidily encased in cleanly papers, boxes, or tins. I need not go out in the rain, cold, or blistering heat, and set a trap, or sit patiently with gun or bow and arrows (according to the epoch in which you place your "good old days," a period about which even the most enthusiastic are apt to be vague) waiting for my quarry. I can even heat it quite easily by merely placing it in a ready-made vessel on a fire which can be produced by turning a tap. I need mould no dish from damp clay or laboriously gather sticks, nor need I know anything of the unpleasantness of the actual killing ——

When I want a new costume I can go to a vast store and select a ready-made garment from hundreds which have apparently been prepared for my choice, a proceeding which occupies about as many minutes as weeks were required for the shearing, spinning, and weaving which once preceded the acquisition of a winter wardrobe.

When I require light I touch a switch—and there is light; but how such complexities make one long for the simple days of lamplight and candles, or even those peculiar contraptions entitled a tinder and flint.

When I am lonely, or am taken suddenly ill, I can put myself in immediate communication with friends and doctors by telephone—so much more difficult than sending a maid on foot, or a boy on horseback, to the nearest doctor. When I want to travel, all I need is the money for a ticket. Not an inconsiderable trifle these days, you will say, but how trifling in comparison with a coach and horses, a postillion and a coachman! Let alone the complication of being expensively robbed while on the road.

When I wish to have my mind cheered by the strains of music I need lodge and feed no company of musicians; I just turn on the gramophone; I need not even wind the latter, an electrical attachment sees to that.

And as a final complication we are told that a new invention will shortly enable us to see our movies in our own homes—all we shall need is a blank wall, another miraculous switch, and hey presto! a movie will appear to order. Again how much more difficult than scrambling into buses or tubes, and probably standing in a queue in the rain.

Our daily lives have been simplified by the miracles of science complications there are, not in my life or yours, but in our brains which have discovered these means of avoiding unpleasant tasks; not in mine, but if in yours, then my heartiest congratulations—and my best thanks.

A ROYAL VISITOR TO LONDON: Princess Helene of Rumania, who is coming to London next month. She is seen in the costume of a Macedonian *paysanne*

BY ROYAL COMMAND: Dr. Maria Li Kartz-Strauss, who was called in by the Queen of Spain to examine the Prince of the Asturias and her three younger sons

GOLD MEDAL SHOULDERS: Signorina Paola Borboni, who won the prize at a recent Milan beauty competition

The DAY *of* SMALL THINGS

—Space-saving is en règle *in* décor *as in the Actual Home*

To-day is the day of small things, though not necessarily, it may be added, of small values. It is, of course, in deference to the small houses that are fashionable that this is so, as well as to the vogue for all the space that can be commanded in those houses and in the flats that are more and more highly in favour.

In connection with this ultra-modern tendency, the breaking up of old houses contributes to the decoration of new ones. Even the tiniest pieces of old coloured glass are jealously guarded and sold for making various little treasures and so forth, while odds and ends of beautiful wood are utilized in like manner.

Hand-made jewellery is being revived tremendously, and here again old and neglected woods and Victorian beads are valuable assets, not only to make the chokers so universally worn but to fashion the broad bracelets and the buckles and shoulder-knots one sees, and also the little flower and tree pot-plants that look as if a fairy had dealt with them. Bits of glass mingle with such floriculture and with ornaments that require fringes to add to their charm.

As for small pictures, their supremacy is well-established, and it would seem that portraiture must incline towards space-saving sizes, for in a Bond Street one-man show of portraits seen the other day not a single pair of shoes was visible. The head-and-shoulders and the three-quarter length prevailed.

Obtrusive framing is a past banality. Etchings have the narrowest of wood surrounds, and oils are enshrined in time-dimmed-looking "gilt" frames of no great breadth.

FOR THE SMOKER: Boxes by G. Ponti, Milan

MAIOLICA: A flower vase in ochre glaze

LIFE *in a* NATIVE KRAAL.

The Charm of Existence on the Veldt

THE TOY BRIDGE: *An African "toto" enjoys a sun bath. If a primitive village in the East African bush can boast of the luxury of running water near by and an impromptu footbridge natively engineered, to save them from sinking into the mud and from the crocodiles, then is it blessed above other villages!*

By Auriol Barran

East of Suez! What romance these magic words conjure up; what realms of unknown worlds and civilization are contained therein. There is always an element of mystery about strangers, and when they possess a different creed, civilization, and pigment to our own then this mystery becomes twofold.

Foreign countries possess this element too. And when one is several thousand miles away from Europe one's curiosity—an important asset for the professional traveller and seeker after new experiences—roused by the sense of the unknown and the realization that here one has at last set foot on the vast continent of Africa, one feels a definite "urge" to know how the native lives in the allegorical "dark Africa." To see him in the home circle.

Kraal life is somewhat different from Mayfair, the Quartier de l'Etoile, or the Unter den Linden.

Imagine a blazing sun, a crisp, dry atmosphere, a tent of vivid blue overhead, the great cloudless panoply of the African sky, the sense of space and feeling of infinity which Europe can never give.

SCENE: A native village consisting of huts made of mud, wattle, and straw, erected on the mountain-side. (The native frequently builds a long way from water and the land where he grows the patch of grain which suffices to give sustenance to the members of this kraal.) The women are working on the land—and, typical of "East of Suez," it is they who bear the burden of the work—digging the earth with hoes, and fetching the daily supply of water; the most picturesque moment of kraal life this water-carrying, when the women and older children march in single file with large calabasters or urns in which to contain the precious liquid. Unimaginably attractive is the smooth rhythm of their lithe, healthy bodies, as they move with supple grace; the balance and poise of each movement as they glide along, head erect, up-tilted and curved, wearing a huge water-vessel as a crown, would charm a master of deportment; while the swing and cut of the diminutive native skirt would do justice to the premier Paris dressmaker! And the most alluring Parisian mannequin, with the most accomplished walk, might well envy them, for unlike Europeans, they are unconsciously graceful and their grace is natural, not studied!

A native woman's glory is her shawl—in reality a blanket, which has unfortunately increased considerably in price during the past years, the beauty of which is measured by its length and colouring; a serviceable shawl made of grey camel-hair would not be appreciated.

The native man in his raw state wears little clothing, is quite hygienic, and keeps extremely fit on his diet of mealies or cereal. His income is measured by the number of his wives, the richest men possessing three or four, the poorer ones only two; the first is selected when he is a young man, the second when he is middle-aged.

Each wife owns a separate hut, but as, under certain native customs, the wife and family of a deceased brother and other relations are entitled to join the "kraal," the kraal therefore has a tendency to grow.

The most striking feature of the kraal is not the huts or the cleaner floors, which have a hardened surface smeared over with cow-dung, the palisade of wattle or straw which encloses the huts, but the general human air of contentment which reigns over them, and the "piccaninnies," or little children, playing about happily, their fat bodies and distended tummies unhampered by any clothing—studies in the nude—while their mothers are busy stamping the mealies, crumbling to a fine powder the beans of the mealies taken from the cob into a wooden receptacle, the hens scratching around for the falling grain, while the man sits and watches them. Sitting idly in the sun, like Diogenes, he is truly the lord and master. Perhaps he will deign to work for three or six months of the year for a master on whose land he resides.

The African native would find favour with the average Englishman. And the further removed from civilization the better man he is. In contact with civilization he deteriorates, and proves that "a little learning is a dangerous thing" when he acquires some of our European habits.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—II

SAY *it with* JEWELS

—make your gems express your personality, and build your dresses round your jewels

It is very interesting to notice that women of character and originality carry their personality on into the very smallest details of their toilette, and nowhere more than in the question of jewellery is this fact noticeable. There are a great number of well-dressed women of to-day who are quite content with a fine "show piece" of jewellery—a brooch, bracelet, ring, or what you will—while others will take an infinite amount of pains to discover some jewel which will be personal to themselves. Nowadays there are so many delightful ways of making up precious (and even semi-precious) stones that there is no need to be hidebound by old ideas of solid settings and heavy links. The new jewellery aims at colour for its chief effect, and the wise woman builds her frocks and general colour scheme around the best jewellery she possesses. Therefore we find Mrs. Arthur Bendir (who is always one of the best dressed women wherever she goes) favouring a magnificent ruby and diamond *sautoir*, the rubies being small and uncut and laid in flat strings, which are joined by magnificent diamond clasps. As she wears a great deal of white, in which she looks her very best, this ornament provides a most perfect finish to the ensemble and provides *exactly* the right note of vivid colour, with her fair skin and colouring.

THE CHARM OF COLOURED BEADS: *An arrangement in black and white at throat and ears from Paris*

The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, too, who I suppose would generally be noted the smartest woman in the South of France, has some wonderful jewellery, much of which she designed herself. Being extremely fond of dark blue chiffon for evening wear, she has designed a most gorgeous necklace of flat uncut sapphires, which she wears with this coloured frock with enormous success; another gorgeous and extremely original piece of jewellery is a pair of diamond bracelets, some 3 in. wide, and with fine diamonds arranged in a pattern which looks exactly like a pair of glistening openwork lace cuffs finished off with Vandyked edges. Lady Furness is another beautiful woman, whose magnificent string of black pearls (which I have often seen her wearing with a frock of the palest peach-coloured chiffon) is quite the loveliest thing imaginable; while Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, who always wears lovely things, has one wonderful brooch and pendant made of black onyx, scarlet coral, and diamonds, which is quite unlike anything which I have ever seen before. The young Duchess of Westminster, who has some magnificent jewellery of course, is extremely fond of sapphires and diamonds, and her engagement ring was a large square sapphire with flat diamonds on each side, while many of her magnificent bracelets are of diamonds and sapphires also. The Duchess of Sutherland is a great lover of pearls and diamonds, and never looks as well as she does in black with ropes of gorgeous pearls and some five or six magnificent bracelets on her arm.

THE SIMPLICITY OF PEARLS: *Posed by H.H. Princess Yussouppoff, daughter of the Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia*

Lady Dudley (who is very interested in jewellery) has designed herself a most magnificent long diamond chain studded with cabochon emeralds at intervals and set in platinum; with this she has a wide emerald and diamond bracelet, which is quite original and which she also designed herself, and some lovely emerald and diamond earrings.

Another person whom I noticed with an exceedingly original piece of jewellery (which she had designed herself) was Mrs. Barbara McCorquodale, the well-known writer. It consisted of a long, flexible diamond and emerald brooch, quite narrow, and so arranged that it could be used also as a shoulder decoration and give the effect of a diamond shoulder-strap, which is so much used just now. Mlle Gabrielle Chanel, the famous French dress designer, who is as original in her jewellery as in her lovely frocks, has one especially lovely ornament being a long chain of uncut pale sapphires and pearls with a huge tassel of the same stones, interspersed with tiny vivid red coral beads and a huge sapphire as the head of the tassel.

P. S.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—III

Drawn by Angrave

WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW: *The trailing skirt and the slender line are symptomatic of the mood of the moment*

BROCADED BEAUTY: *An exquisite frock with the short train beloved of Paris*

MANNEQUINS OF WIRE: *The outline of 1930 is shown in wire—the latest method of showing off dresses in Berlin*

THE EVENING SILHOUETTE of the MOMENT

—The Latest Fashions from Paris

THREE FASHION GRACES OF PARIS: *The hand on the hip of the centre figure unconsciously emphasizes the distinctive feature of the mode of the moment—the closely swathed hip*

Drawn by Angrave

SILHOUETTE 1930: *The evening gown of this spring has a flare of alluring folds sweeping down to the ankle*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—IV

USE AND ART IN ONE: *A walnut desk by Heal and Son. It combines excellence of proportion with extensive practical accommodation*

TO BE PLACED BEFORE A WINDOW: *A dainty walnut bureau of modern design*

MODERN WRITING TABLES

—The practical allied to the beautiful

By Baseden Butt

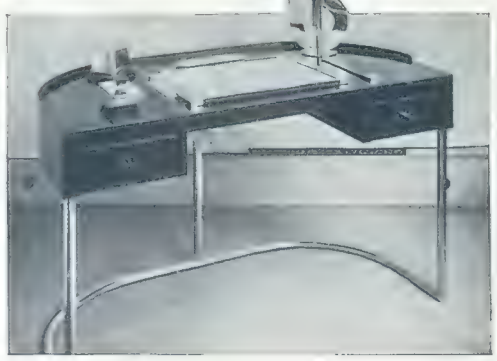
In olden times furniture for writing was among the choicest, most handsome and most ingenious made, and to-day the various types of late Seventeenth and Eighteenth century escritoire are keenly sought by collectors. At first, furniture for writing was comparatively infrequent, for the craft of penmanship was not universally practised. The earliest desks were quite small, portable, and with slanting lids; they were made of oak. It was not until about 1760, with the spread of education, that bureaux fitted with drawers, pigeon-holes and a hinged lid (the whole standing on six or eight turned legs) made their appearance. There were also taller cabinets on stands, more square in elevation and with pull-out or let-down flaps.

Pedestal writing tables with extensive tops covered with leather, or sometimes velvet, and with tiers of drawers at either side and a recess in the centre for the legs of the user, made their first appearance at the end of the seventeenth century, but these early walnut examples are extremely scarce. There are few pedestal desks extant to-day that were made, at the earliest, before 1725.

As the eighteenth century proceeded, furniture for writing became more numerous and more varied. This was the era of great letter writers. Countless epistles that, in their way, were models of style were penned upon writing cabinets and bureaux worthy of ministering to this most elegant of accomplishments. In the Chippendale or mid-eighteenth century period bureaux with bookcases or china cabinets above became fashionable, and a rather uncommon type which has been sometimes reproduced is a kidney-shaped writing table with an adjustable slope. In the early Georgian era (1720–1730) the architect William Kent designed some writing desks for his own houses; but these desks were decidedly inclined towards heaviness and resembled triumphal arches.

For supreme elegance combined with ingenuity, desks of the Sheraton period are unsurpassed. Some of these had the tambour front consisting of horizontal slats, operated in the manner of a modern roll-top desk. The interiors of these desks had rows of boxes and pigeon holes facing the writer, and these were so constructed as to rise into position, harlequin-fashion, when the desk was opened, sinking again into security when the tambour front was drawn down.

In the final quarter of the eighteenth century, the bureau-bookcase was supplanted by the secretaire-bookcase. This had drawers in the lower part and an additional drawer in place of the bureau slope. When this extra drawer was pulled out the front was made to let down, revealing a writing surface with pigeon-holes and small drawers at the back. Meanwhile the smaller portable desks continued to be made; they were often veneered with satinwood and decorated with inlays of contrasting timbers, and with ivory.



ALL IN METAL: *A desk by D.I.M. The upper portion is lacquered black: the lower, tubular nickel*

A desk by the Parisian designer, M. Ruhlmann, which combines modern efficiency with the utmost simplicity, merits detailed description. This desk would be suitable for an important professional man, and is made of acajou treated with black cellulose lacquer. The writing surface is extensive, and being semi-circular in shape is admirably suited for a bay or bow window.

The desk is fitted with a modern lamp which pivots in every direction, and the waste paper basket, which is of chromium metal, is also on a pivot. There are two fountain pens with stands, and two inkstands; automatic telephones with electrically illuminated dials; and a metal cross-bar which encloses an electric heater beneath the user's feet. On the left are five drawers with chromium handles, and on the right shelves closed off by a rolling screen—an excellent dust-preventer.

SPACE SAVING: *A modern walnut cabinet with racks on the reverse of the drawers and with ivory handles, by J. & S. Lelen*

The ENLIVENING TOUCH *of* BRONZE STATUETTES

One need not be a millionaire to buy good bronzes

By G. Bernard Hughes

There is an almost universal belief that the acquisition of good bronze statuettes is only within reach of the very wealthy. The cost of small bronzes depends first of all on their rarity and then on their size, for the larger the bronze the more it costs to cast it. Some sculptors limit the size of their "editions" to a dozen or two dozen copies. Their work is both rare in quality and quantity. When it is also the work of an artist with a growing reputation and developing genius the value of the casts will increase as time goes on.

FROM MODERN ITALY: *"Gazelle," by Sirio Tofarino*

There is no special trick in selecting good bronzes, although some subjects may seem to reflect the general spirit of a room better than others. The important thing is to get a bronze that pleases the people who must live in a room with it. The subject may be a fat little baby, a nude dancing figure, or an animal—it does not matter so long as the owner likes it, for the bronze is obviously an expression of his or her personality, just as the room is. The selection lies entirely with the individual.

There is a good deal to consider in the placing of bronzes for the best effect. Most small figures and groups are "in the round"—that is to say, they are composed to be seen from all sides. A few of them have their best sides, but the best of them are beautiful from any angle. To be enjoyed to their utmost they must be turned about from time to time so as to present all their best points. A well-executed figure is frequently so foreshortened to one standing in the middle of the room; but then we seldom stand in the middle of the room very long at a time, and when seated comfortably in a chair the bronze on the table is just about the right height. When the table is against the wall, covered with good brocade, a few books at one end, a lamp or a bowl of flowers somewhere nearby, the bronze placed incidentally—not in the centre or too close to the other things—presents a fine effect with the neutral tone of the wall for a background.

Some of the important bronzes in our leading museums can be procured in small replica, about a foot high, and are so exquisite in their beauty of execution that they will add distinction to any room they grace, no matter how fine that room may be in itself.

Although we may try to specialize in periods of decoration, the fact of it is that a bronze of particular beauty is immediately at home in any good environment. The opportunity for doing the right thing by a good interior, and bringing the effect of good furniture, good draperies, and upholstery to a focus with a definite accent in a fine bronze, really lies within the means of everyone who is acquiring the furnishings of a well-appointed room.

It is very trying to the beauty of the bronze to subject it to a strong light head on. The best position for the light is one that will let it fall on the bronze from the sides, and in most cases it should be stronger on one side than the other. This arrangement will give access of light and shadow and bring out the modelling of the figure to advantage.

HELLENISTIC: *A bronze statuette of a satyr*

The appearance of bronze can frequently be improved, and the effect of mellowness from age induced by occasional rubbing with the bare hands. The perspiration from human beings has a good effect on bronze, and the metal should be rubbed occasionally when the hands are moist. There is just enough acid in perspiration to react mildly on the metal and to age it.

The most important thing about the acquisition of a bronze is the thrill that comes from the selection and possession of a creative work of art. All timidity should be banished, and a fearless selection made according to one's own taste and the setting which the piece will be given. The work of some of the younger sculptors is not to be overlooked. They may be the great figures in the art world to-morrow, and meanwhile their work is beautiful, and lies within easy reach of the average buyer.

A KNEELING TRAY: *A charming novelty*

THE BEAUTY OF TENSION: *Boy with catapult, by Reid Dick, R.A.*

The FATE of the Splendid BRANGWYN PANELS?

And Some Other Art Matters of the Week

MR. FRANK BRANGWYN in front of one of the rejected Westminster panels which portrayed the natural riches of the Empire. The one shown here envisages native boys carrying rich fruit in baskets on their heads

ONE OF THE BIGGER OF THE "WESTMINSTER" PANELS, as shown in the model prepared for exhibition in the Royal Gallery at the Houses of Parliament

The series of Brangwyn panels which have been on exhibition in the Royal Gallery for the past few weeks have now been definitely discarded by the committee responsible for the decision as to their fitness for their proposed position. This decision has puzzled not a few, for the impression created during the period of exhibition in the Gallery was that these panels had the appearance of rich and splendid tapestries and in a very short time would blend harmoniously with their august but rather harshly executed Gothic surroundings. The panels actually placed in position in the Royal Gallery did not include the two major processional pieces—they were shown only as part of a model placed in the Gallery. One of them is here reproduced. The scheme is of a great procession moving from left to right conceived in Mr. Brangwyn's own opulent manner, modern in spirit, but with all the charm of the great schools of Venice. Whether certain quaintnesses of detail affected the committee—but one can hardly think that. The panels were magnificently conceived and should find a worthy home. The artist was definitely commissioned by the late Lord Iveagh to execute these panels, and they will, we understand, be paid for and dealt with under the terms of the will

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A., is sending a canvas of very simple and direct message, entitled "Mother and Child," to this year's Exhibition at the Royal Academy. It is rumoured that he is also sending another canvas which may prove to be in his symbolical Celtic mood

IRELAND SENDS PICTURES TO BELGIUM: Irish art is to be represented at Brussels very shortly. Mr. George Atkinson, R.H.A., and Mr. J. Crampton Walker are seen above assisting in the despatch of the pictures

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

A Weekly Feature Devoted to the Interests of Travel at Home and Abroad

"A PLACE IN THE SUN": A panorama of St. Jean de Luz, the popularity of which is ever on the increase

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HEALTH amid BEAUTY in the SOUTH.

Some Famous Italian Spas and the Charms of Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz

By CLIVE HOLLAND

One has too long associated the ideas of spas and health resorts of that character with Central Europe and the well-known German and ex-German watering-places, with the result that those of Italy, which have many advantages of climate and great beauty in addition to their curative properties, have been in the past much neglected. It is not, indeed, generally known that Italy possesses the greatest number of varied mineral waters of any country in Europe, capable of fulfilling all curative demands made upon them.

Italian spas during the last few years have become much more popular and well known, and are frequented by a much larger proportion of British and other visitors with a decreasing number of those of German origin. The greater spas have been developed and buildings have been erected in which all modern treatments of diseases are to be obtained, surrounded with every comfort and convenience; and the same, to a lesser degree, may be said of the smaller and less expensive spas to which people go not only for treatment but as a place of residence. These are scattered throughout the country in the Alps, at the foot of the glaciers, near the Dolomites, along the Apennines, amongst the hills of Monferrato, in the valleys of Lombardy, in the Gulf of Naples, and even on the coast of Sicily. These have an increasingly large and very cosmopolitan *clientèle*, and each year more and more British patients and holiday-makers are attracted to them, the latter finding in the loveliness of their situation and facilities for sport attractions which cannot fail to please.

Among them, one of the most famous is the Spa of Aqui, renowned in ancient times, with wonderful hot springs which flow out on both banks of the Bormida near the town. The springs contain sulphur and a little sodium-chloride, and are excellent for muscular and nervous complaints. In this small Piedmontese town, three hours from Turin and the same distance from Milan, one has a spa with a fine climate, a very moderate temperature, and fresh bracing air even during the summer season. La Bollente, a spring with a temperature of 167 degrees Fahr., is situated in the centre of the town, and with a picturesque building over the spring. The life of the town centres around the thermal establishments from spring to the autumn, and there are the attractions of a theatre, a casino, and dancing. One can visit Aqui all the year round, but late spring is one of the most delightful of seasons.

From this Piedmontese town, set amidst the hills of Monferrato, to the Bay of Naples is perhaps a far cry, but Naples calls with irresistible force, and there are many who find their way in search of a cure to the beautiful hollow amidst the hills in which Agnano is placed. Here one has a choice of no less than seventy-five springs with curative properties. There is a truly palatial establishment set amid surroundings of wonderful beauty looking over a beautiful little plain which is surrounded by hills, and with a thoroughly modern and up-to-date equipment, highly qualified doctors and specialists for all diseases and complaints.

Agnano is connected with Naples by electric tramway, which takes one to the lovely city on its incomparable bay within half an hour. There are sports and amusements of all kinds, and innumerable excursions of the greatest interest, and not a few Roman remains.

Also in the Gulf of Naples is the beautiful Castellamare di Stabia. The town itself extends along a great inlet on the eastern side of the gulf and faces Mount Vesuvius. To the north of the town it is protected by great heights which encircle it, but the climate is not excessively hot even during the height of summer owing to the fresh breezes which constantly blow. Here too one has a wonderful centre for excursions along the coast, for Vesuvius and Pompeii and other places are within easy reach.

Casamicciola must not be neglected, for it is one of the most beautiful places in this part of Italy, standing up on the shores of a sea of ultramarine and backed by the lower slopes of mountains rich in verdure and flowers. It is the chief centre of the Island of Ischia, with wonderful gardens and tropical vegetation, and orchards and vineyards, lemon and orange groves. "An Earthly Paradise," one might say and not flatter it.

Bagni di Chianciano must not be forgotten. It is a village in Tuscany and the Province of Sienna, on the Florence-Rome railway line, and is exceedingly bright and gay in the season, when its park-like promenades are crowded with visitors and patients, and remind one more of the usual type of fashionable spa. It lies 1,495 ft. above sea level, and has the most wonderful panoramic views. The roads are excellent for motoring, and perhaps this fact contributes to the number of visitors who come to it.

One of the most strange and wonderful of the Italian spas must surely be Monsummano, where there are wonderful hot vapour grottoes, discovered accidentally nearly a century ago, which have made the place famous.

One does not easily exhaust the spas of Italy, for there are still Bormio and San Caterino Val Furva in the Alps; Monte Catina amid the olive groves of Tuscany; and San Pellegrino in Lombardy; and on the sea coast of Sicily Acireale and Termini Imerese and others, such as Salsomaggiore, Roncegno, Recoaro, and beautiful Sirmione on its peninsula in Lake Garda among them.

It may seem a far cry from the Spas of Italy to the health resorts of the Atlantic coasts of France, but there is a connection in that both of these have their special season in the spring and early summer.

Biarritz, against whose jetties and headlands Atlantic surges beat to foam in days of storm and in calmer days gently sigh, became famous years ago by reason of the patronage of King Edward VII. Then it was a comparatively small and undeveloped town with a wonderful climate, a beautiful air, and many attractions and quietude. But if it has lost something of this quietude, it has truly gained in attractiveness, and is now one of the most noted, beautiful, and climatically charming of French spas. The saline springs of Biarritz are far-famed and claim to be eleven times as salt as sea water. Many cures have been made, and although Biarritz is more of a holiday resort than a spa, many invalids go to this beautiful town, with its unrivalled sea coast and sea views for cures, and come away renewed in health and strength. What a sight is the crowded beach early in spring! Weeks before bathing is possible in more northern climes the bathers are able to indulge in their favourite sport in Biarritz.

During winter and early spring the great hotels, of which there are many famous for their luxury and up-to-dateness, are crowded and, indeed, between Easter and Whitsuntide the season at Biarritz tends to reach its climax. Outdoor cafés and the *terrasses* of the great hotels are crowded with smart visitors, the tennis courts are booked up for days in advance, the golf courses are more crowded than the serious player would approve, and motor-boat racing and motor-yachting have commenced.

St. Jean de Luz, not far away, only a score or so of years ago was but a little rather middle-class watering-place; very quiet, and not provided with amusements of any kind. Nowadays it is one of the smartest seaside resorts of that beautiful curve of the lower end of the Bay of Biscay.

Here we have a delightful little port devoted largely to the sardine fishery; just one of those tiny harbours which always give life and animation to a town.

Nowadays there is plenty to do at St. Jean de Luz, which still, however, remains more restful, cheaper, and in a sense more interesting than does its bigger neighbour. Its picturesque houses which in spring seem eternally bathed in sunshine, with their coloured shutters and often gay-coloured walls, have an artistic charm which brings many artists to the little port. And then in the immediate neighbourhood is the wonderful background of the Pyrenees, which at sunset take on a wonderful plum hue; or spend a day in exploring such villages as St. Jean Pied de Port or go to the picturesque ruins of Beaucens Castle, dating from the twelfth century, which lies in the valley of the Argelès. Then there is golf within easy distance, and the Basque country is well worth exploring, with its quaint customs and costumes and charming villages.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF NAPLES: "The Grotto of the Dogs," so called because the carbonic acid gas (CO_2) exuded by the thermae *rises only 3 ft. from the ground so that men can walk in it with impunity but dogs are killed*

BETWEEN GENOA AND PISA: Monsummano, a place of hot vapour grottoes

IN THE BAY OF NAPLES: A panorama of Castellamare di Stabia. Near here the Elder Pliny met his death in an eruption of Vesuvius

One man beats three

Over the gruelling Putney Mortlake course

LEFT.
The great race as seen from Hammersmith Bridge.

BELOW.
H. A. Barry, The World's Champion Sculler.

This is a unique feat in the history of rowing. H. A. Barry sculled over four miles from Putney to Mortlake; his opponents each raced over only a third of the distance. Yet such was the strength and endurance of Barry that he beat each opponent in turn. In his letter on this page, Barry shows how sportsmen of every kind can improve their strength and endurance by drinking Guinness regularly.

Read what H. A. Barry, the World's Champion Sculler, writes :—

I used to be noted for being a fast sculler for 1½ miles, but beyond that, the rowing critics were doubtful of my ability of staying the full Championship course, 4½ miles.

I first started to take "Guinness Stout" in May, 1925, on advice from past champions. Before that time I never used to drink any kind of beer.

Anyhow, I managed to win the historic "Doggett's Coat and Badge" race in July, 1925, over 4½ miles. Before the Doggett's race, while training, I used to drink a bottle of "Guinness Stout" every day after hard work out in sculling boat. After winning that race, it encouraged me to keep on with "Guinness" ever since.

And there is no doubt that "Guinness Stout" has done me a lot of good these last four years. It has built my muscles up wonderfully and has given me the necessary stamina—what I lacked before to stay a long distance at racing pace.

When I went across the Atlantic to Vancouver, B.C., Canada, to race M. J. Goodsell (five times World's Champion) for the World's Sculling Championship, I was able to carry on with my usual routine of training—that is, after a row out of 12 miles daily, come into boathouse, have a shower bath, then enjoy a bottle of Guinness Stout.

Without doubt it was a great assistance to me for my last Championship race against M. J. Goodsell, of whom I won the World's Title. During my training at "Carraholy," Burrard Inlet, Vancouver, B.C., where we stayed in a wooden bungalow, I experienced some very trying weather, snow, ice, rain, etc. But I am pleased to say I came through the ordeal smiling, without catching a chill or cold and winning the World's Sculling Championship, once more bringing the title back to old England.

And as all Sportsmen know, "Sculling" is the hardest and most stamina-testing of all sports; it needs a very long and careful preparation to get yourself in top-hole condition to race over the gruelling "Putney to Mortlake" Championship course.

And without doubt "Guinness Stout" is a great assistance to me in my training.

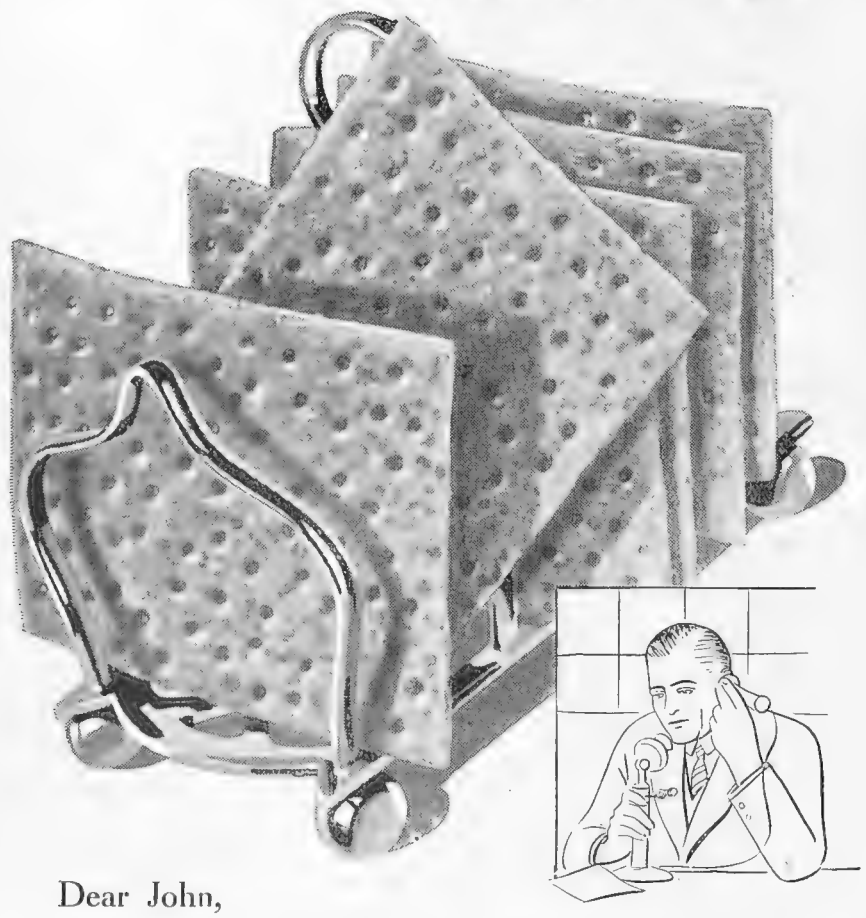
H. A. (Bert) BARRY,
World and British Champion Sculler.

GUINNESS
for Strength

G.E. 451A.

Letters from Mary Goodbody.

A prescription for middle-age



Dear John,

Elsie tells me you're feeling a bit "pipped" about yourself. I gather from her letter that you're not getting enough fresh air and exercise, and that you're "developing a paunch"—as she elegantly puts it.

I wonder if you will allow an old woman to give you a little advice. It's simply that you should go in for Vita-Weat in place of ordinary bread or toast. You've heard of it, of course—it's that jolly scrunchy crispbread made by Peek Frean. You've no idea how happy it makes you feel inside, and how good it is for the figure—manly as well as feminine!

You see, Vita-Weat contains no undercooked starch—just the whole of the wheat berry with all its goodness. I've been taking it for two years myself, and my old indigestion has completely gone. . . .

Vita-Weat

REGD.

THE BREAD OF NEW HEALTH

Cartons at 1/6 and 10d.
Packets at 6d. and 2d.

MADE BY PEEK FREAN

Makers of Famous Biscuits

PARLIAMENT CHANGES HER TABLE WAYS.

Smaller Meals: Teetotalers and Vegetarians: U.S.A. Copied in Orange Juice: But still Choice Viands, Delicate Dinners, and Wines of Pedigree and Price

By CHARLES T. KING

(ex-Chairman of the Lobby Journalists)

Parliament has changed her table ways. This alteration in the dining and wining at "the Best Club in London" is part of the mirror of the time. The ten-course dinners of the halcyon pre-War days, when, with Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister, we paid a hundred millions *off* the National Debt, have been cut down to five-course dinners. This is in line not only with change of purse, of social class, the change of correct morning coat and vest and silk hat to brown lounge suits, but also with the new habits outside of taking smaller meals. "The Best Club in London" has become not only class-conscious but health-conscious.

There is far less consumption of beer, wines, and spirits. There is more custom for "cuts of the roast and boiled" and less of the long, choice, leisurely dinner of many courses. It is true, of course, that there is to-day at the House of Commons from time to time a full call on the remarkable resources of this great dining place, where a dinner ranges from the standard 1s. 9d. to a feast at £3 or £4 a head. It is still the fact that at any time if the call comes for a banquet worthy of the great gourmets of the past, with the choicest wines in the world, the Kitchen Committee and its staff can provide it without turning a hair. Gifted cooks and experienced caterers are in the building. Down in the great cellars near the spot where Guy Fawkes once tried to blow up Parliament there sleep wines of pedigree and price.

But with the incursion of about 280 Labour-Socialist M.P.'s, and with the purses of many an aristocratic county representative much straitened by the blistering Budgets of recent years, there is more and more resort to the 1s. 9d. dinner.

For this modest payment M.P.'s can have a cut from the joint, two vegetables, cheese, butter, and bread. And all of the best, perfectly-cooked, deftly served, and with the knowledge that everything on the table that can be produced in England or Scotland is English or Scotch. National Mark meat, National Mark eggs, and other home products are insisted upon regardless of expense. Even the rolls and bread are made of National Mark flour. If apples from Canada within our Empire cost more than apples from the United States without our Empire, well, never mind says the Kitchen Committee.

"I think imperially, but I'll be hanged if I'll drink imperially," said a lover of wines at the House recently. Still the use of the vintages of Australia, South Africa, and other parts of the Empire has grown in recent years from a few dozens to hundreds of bottles per session.

The dear old days when, dining at the House of Commons, one could have a bottle of claret really worth drinking for tenpence or a shilling are gone. So also, alas! is the annual grant of two thousand a year which used to be voted to the Kitchen Committee out of taxation. It has to renew its napery, silver, and glass now without a subsidy. The economy axe imposed upon us by the War, and the shrieks about waste, killed not only the gastronomic grant of money but reduced the number of men who were paid wages to spray cold water from big hoses on the great stone promenade called the Terrace to cool it for the strawberry teas in the afternoon.

In the height of the London Season in June and July, 150 to 400 strawberry teas are served daily on the Terrace, the white table-cloths fanned by the river-zephyrs from the Thames, and Labour and other M.P.'s and their guests holding countless little open-air receptions over the tea-pots, the pink mounds of strawberries, basins of white sugar, jugs of cream, and plates of cool cress sandwiches. Labour loves strawberries.

A change made recently which would have caused the pre-War M.P.'s to stare and rub their eyes is the definite establishment of vegetarian dinners at the House. The champion of this change was Miss Wilkinson.

When "Uncle Mark," otherwise Colonel Mark Lockwood, afterwards Lord Lambourne, was Chairman of the Kitchen Committee he took pity on the battling heroes of the all-night sittings and installed a methylated spirit apparatus to keep hot the soups and kickshaws for the refreshment of M.P.'s as they fought amendment after amendment at midnight, on into the small hours, and until the grey rebuking London dawn came in at the windows. This apparatus has just been replaced by an electric hot plate.

The favourite sustenance of all-night sittings is composed mainly of devilled bones, hot soup, kidneys and bacon, and eggs and bacon. There is, of course, during the night occasional resource to a black coffee with or without cognac, a whiskey and soda, a glass of ale, a gin and ginger beer, and, in these growing teetotal days, milk, soda and milk, ginger ale, tea, barley water, orangeade and lemonade. One of the great changes in the gastronomy of Parliament is the new demand for orangeade and lemonade non-bottled and non-gaseous, made from fresh oranges and fresh lemons by the Kitchen Committee's staff on the spot.

As a Parliamentary observer said recently: "Uncle Sam has almost atoned for inflicting England with the pernicious and poisonous cocktail by blessing us with his health-giving fruit-juice habit."

When the People, under our institutions of democracy, elect a Parliament, they elect the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons. For the Kitchen Committee, under the chairmanship of the strong Falstaffian-looking Mr. Joseph Compton, Labour M.P. for Gorton, Manchester, is the quintessence of democracy; it is carefully drawn in due proportion from the various political parties elected in the secret ballot box by the People's will. The Kitchen Committee at present is composed as follows:

Mr. Joseph Compton (Soc.), Chairman.
Sir George Hennessy (Cons.)
Sir Leolin Forestier-Walker (Cons.)
Mr. James Gardner (Soc.)
Sir Nicholas Grattan Doyle (Cons.)
Mr. David Grenfell (Soc.)
Mr. L. Hore-Belisha (Lib.)
General Sir R. Hutchison (Lib.)
General Sir A. Hunter-Weston (Cons.)
Mr. W. Jenkins (Soc.)
Lady Cynthia Mosley (Soc.)
Mr. G. Muff (Soc.)
Sir Douglas Newton (Cons.)
Sir Herbert Nield (Cons.)
Sir A. Lambert Ward (Cons.)
Mr. J. Westwood (Soc.)
Miss Ellen Wilkinson (Soc.)

The little "pocket pistols" of Irish whiskey are still available at the House, but there is a big falling off in their use since we gave the Irish Free State a Parliament of her own. By the departure of the Irish M.P.'s, Westminster lost not only Irish wit and picturesque turbulence but her best customers for the "pocket pistols" of Irish whiskey.

The demands upon Ministers and M.P.'s are growing with the extension of democracy, and with this the work of this Gastronomic Council called the Kitchen Committee grows in serious importance. The House of Commons is a tiring place. It is a building within buildings. The debates are long, and before the afternoon and evening debates begin, the morning Committee work is often hard. A worthy job it is, therefore, to find sustenance and refreshment for the Westminster workers.

Much has been done since Pitt, near to his dying hour, cried out for "one of Bellamy's pies." At that time there was little for the sustenance of our legislators beyond a snatched pie or a thin sandwich provided by a private and expensive caterer. The fine modern equipment of the refreshment department of the House has grown with the needs of the time. Both Ministers and M.P.'s do ten times as much work as fell to the lot of their predecessors a few years ago.

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"Medium" Navy Cut
CIGARETTES 20 for 11½D

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PORTRAITS in OIL and VINEGAR.

Lenin, Mussolini, Stalin

(Continued from p. 67)

International Fascism and International Communism, that I was quite wrong. He said: "Moscow is finished economically."

I am not so sure.

The way that Stalin handled Trotsky made plain his implacability and his sureness. In private life a man of heart and kindness. In public life, a man that is no longer man but robot! For what a man is in private, especially when he is politician, has nothing at all to do with the same man in public.

Stalin will, I believe, as the years go on, and if he be spared by the assassin, gradually modify the intense Marxianism of modern Russia until it become first a sort of modified "state capitalism," and then, ultimately, come into line with the other capitalist states. Those who oppose he will "remove" just as easily and conscientiously as to-day he removes those who stand for capitalism in unholy Russia.

For Stalin, like Lenin and Mussolini, is *realist!* Opportunist Politician. But unfanatic. Stalin differs in this last from both the Lenin he has replaced and from that Mussolini he professes to abhor. But one thing binds all three men together with a cement as strong as the "cement" which has given its title to one of the most extraordinary books of our day and which has come out of Bolshevik Russia. That one thing is "realism."

All these three men are realists.

When Mussolini said to me in Rome that he at least would never plunge Europe into another war with the object-lesson of the last War before him. When Lenin told the world that he was pacifist and that all war was murder. And when Stalin not so long ago called upon his gods to witness that Communist Moscow would never use force *unless compelled*, and that the sign of the Sickle and Hammer stood far more for peace than the sign of that Cross which he and his like hate.

None of these statements made any one of these three men who rules or rule the world "bat an eyelid" when it came to a question of realism.

The armies which Mussolini has stamped up out of the earth. The Red Armies of Moscow with their latest poison gas technique, and one of the most effective flying Air Forces on earth. All these things show what Lenin once said in so many words at the time I met him, as did Mussolini: "*I—I am realist.*"

This triumvirate, so different in goal, so alike in method; so opposite in thought, so identical in character; are largely the arbiters of the fate of Europe in the not distant future. It is to those three men, mortal enemies (not least the two absolutely opposite types of Lenin and Stalin) that the historians of the future will point as "the men who moved mountains and made history."

Yet I venture to think that victory will not rest on the banners of either Fascism or Communism, the champions of which, ignorant of it themselves, are preparing the way for a world that will not bow the knee either to autocracy or its twin-brother — so-called "democracy!"

DUST—The CRIMINAL'S FOE.

Professor Lacassagen's Discovery

The arrest and conviction of criminals has now become a definite section of science, which to-day has enrolled many other branches in its service. The modern detective no longer goes about with a pipe in his mouth and an eight-shooter in his hip-pocket, like Sherlock Holmes, but sits in the laboratories of chemists, microphotographists, and electricians, and works with as much certainty and accuracy as any other learned scientist. The police stations of all countries have their own experimental laboratories fitted out with all the apparatus and preparations of the chemist and biologist.

Examination of blood is already quite old-fashioned in this world of ever-advancing science. To-day the scientific criminologists busy themselves with analysis of dust.

The man who first discovered and worked out the method of dust analysis is the head of the Lyons Police Laboratory, Dr. Edmond Locart. He was the first to collect dust from the skin, under the nail, in the ears, out of the nostrils, in the eyebrows and hair, in short from every place where dust can possibly be supposed to have any connection with crime or criminals. His theories of the analysis of dust were brought to perfection by Prof. Lacassagen of Paris, and have now been adopted by the police of other countries, so that chemical and microscopical research of particles of dust has advanced to an astonishing pitch.

French and German criminologists have already had important results from dust analysis. Criminal Commissioner Popp of Berlin recently brought to account a man who had murdered his wife. The accused tried to prove an alibi, which almost succeeded in clearing him. Popp examined his boots in a laboratory and came to the conclusion that it was impossible that the man could have been to the place where he said he had been. As a result of the analysis of the dirt on his boots Popp declared that the accused had walked through a wood, then across a meadow, and finally on the floor of the house where his wife was on the day of the murder. As the Commissioner pr pounded his theory before the jury, wi out ever having been near the place wh the crime was committed, and with knowing the district at all, the murde collapsed and gave evidence that the d had proved a traitor to him.

In a case at present going on in Pa the body of a merchant named Bou was found in a small wood. The Pa police had puzzled for weeks over t crime and at last called in Profes Lacassagen, who collected the dust fo on all parts of the body. The analy which was carried out in the police lab atory, proved that the murder had been committed in the wood, but that victim had been murdered in a pl which was covered with sand and s dust. Beside this, particles of coal a dust from turf brickets were found in hair of the victim. Lacassagen wa the opinion that the murder was c mitted in a cellar, a conclusion which occurred to the police but which, thro lack of evidence, could not be pro The murderer was a certain Teissie porter, who had killed Boulay in a c and robbed him.

Another very interesting case in wh scientific microscopical examina has played an important part, is t murder case of Duquesne which last w ended with a conviction. The accusa was based on minute particles of dust. a suburban street in Brussels a man found with his skull cleft by a weapo a type which is used only by a cer regiment. On the next morning the co mander of the regiment gave special l to the whole regiment to have th weapons examined by a criminolo Microscopic examination showed th although all the sabres were very cl one only, when magnified many tim showed a small notch in which a t piece of grass had lodged. The mu derer—it was, by the way, a case jealousy—had wiped his sabre in the gr without making sure that the blade w perfectly free from all traces of cleansing.

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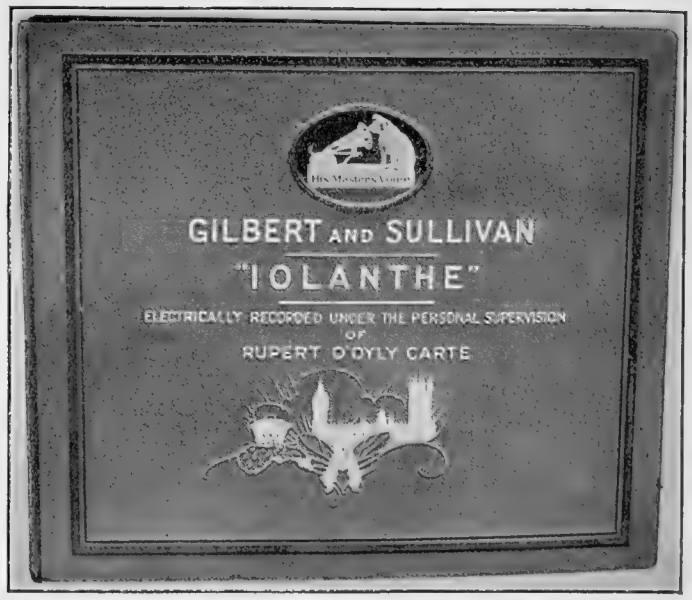

H.M.V.
TRIUMP
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Recor
ded

The latest triumph of "His Master's Voice" is to issue eleven gramophone records giving the complete music and songs of the light opera *Iolanthe*, one of the masterpieces of mirth and melody created by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. This delightful work is recorded so faithfully, under the personal supervision of Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte, that it brings the Savoy Theatre into the home. Dr. Malcolm Sargent, the musical director of the Gilbert and Sullivan season, had access to Sullivan's original score, while gramophone tests of a great number of artists were made before the company of eighty principals, instrumentalists, and chorus was selected. The soloists are Nellie Briercliffe, Bertha Lewis, Winifred Lawson, George Baker, Darrell Fancourt, Derek Oldham, Sydney Granville, and Leslie Rands, and every member of the chorus is a soloist of distinction. The recording opens with the delightful chorus of the tripping fairies, and then comes the deep, rich voice of Bertha Lewis as the Queen pardoning Iolanthe. Strephon's "Good-morrow, good mother!" and then "Good-morrow, good lover!" are enchanting, while an abiding joy is the pompous parade of the peers, "Loudly let t trumpets bray." George Baker scores once with the Lord Chancellor's entran "The Law is the true embodiment," a he also gives the utmost value to "Said to myself—said I," while later he fa lessly deals with that song of a comed nightmare, "Love, unrequited," one the most difficult in the whole of t Gilbert and Sullivan works. Where ea immortal number sparkles like a gem is impossible to enumerate, but how goo it is to have always at hand Syd Granville as Private Willis on sentry in Palace Yard, Darrell Fancourt in ringing rendering of "When Bri really ruled the waves," and Bert Lewis in the love lament, "Oh, amoro dove."

There are eleven 12-in. double-sid records published at 6s. 6d. each. T complete opera is published in a handso album, the cover of which is reproduc above, at £3 11s. 6d.

THE SPHERE, which has ever co centrated its attention upon the G. and productions — features of the curr season have many times been speci recorded for this paper — congratula H.M.V. on a magnificent achievement.

EASTER EGGS

CHOCOLATE INSIDE AND OUT: Barker and Dobson Easter eggs

To those who have not seen Barker and Dobson chocolate eggs, chocolate eggs must seem rather dull. But a B. and D. chocolate egg is as pleasant to taste as it is to look upon, and it is filled with good chocolates. The Barker Dobson Verona chocolate egg is filled with Verona chocolates, and is ribboned in a most attractive and original manner. The ribbon is not merely tied round the egg, it is threaded through the shell and tied in a dainty bow at the top. Indeed the Verona egg makes a very enjoyable Easter gift. It is all eatable and enjoyable. The Belmont and Viking eggs are similarly made, and each is packed in a decorative box ready for the post and for the delighted recipients. Prices from 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.

THE OXO CABARET

About 1,000 members of the London staffs of Oxo Ltd., with their friends, made merry at the cabaret entertainment provided by the Oxo Sports Club at the Wharncliffe Rooms last Saturday. A dance and variety show added to the gaiety of the evening, and the revel continued until midnight. Rich and Calvin, eccentric dancers and singers, Edith Price, vocal and dancing act, the "Posh" Pair, dainty dancers were all enthusiastically a plauded, while the wonderf team work of the Marshmall Girls with Gordon Marsh w a feature of the evening, a Lloyd-Shakespeare's Band p vided excellent dance music.

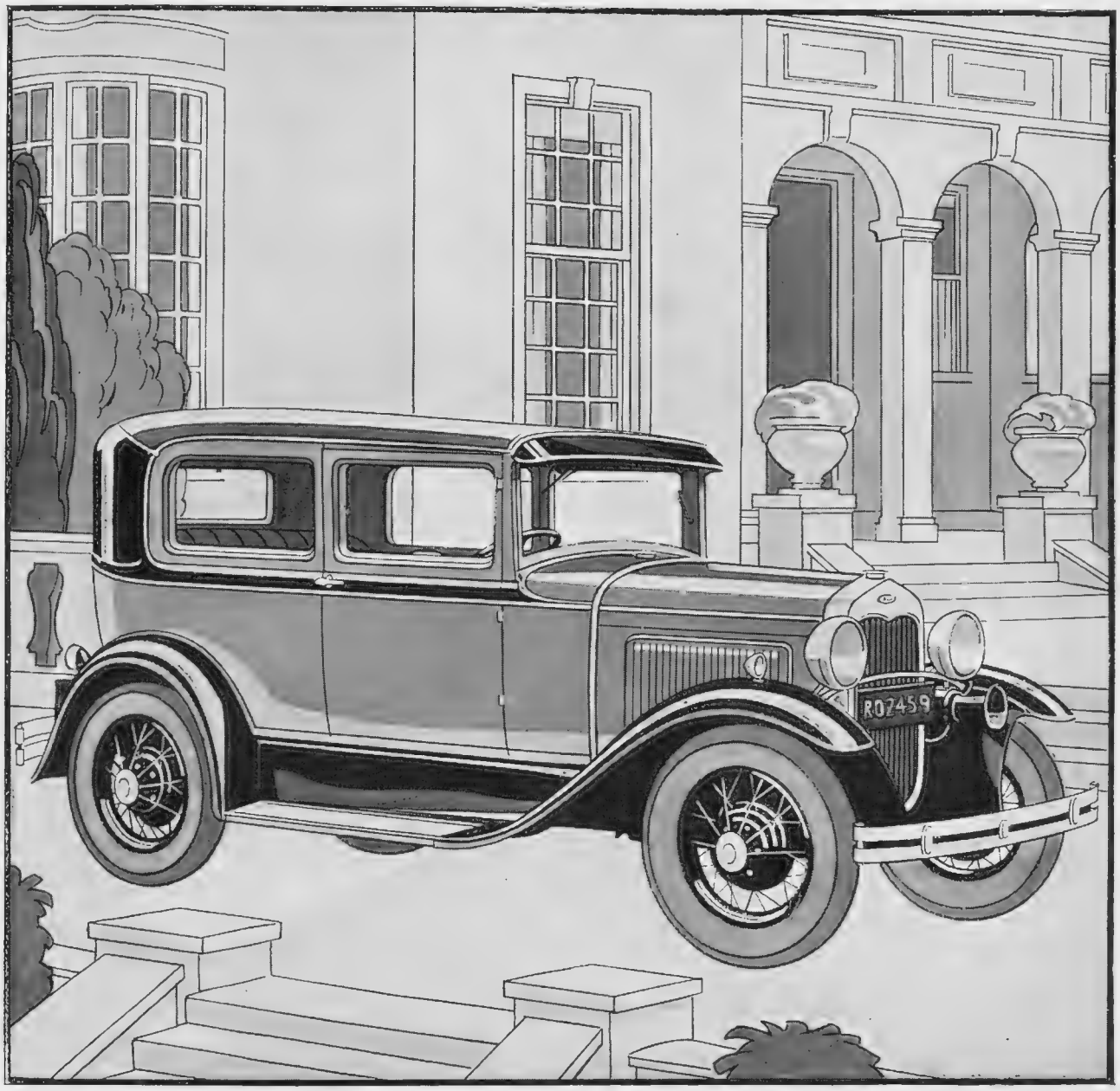
THE NO-TRUMPERS

One of the most amusi evenings London will enj during the season is that o May 8, when this genial organ zation will give a cabaret at t Metropole (Whitehall Room The evening begins at nine w dancing, and at ten Act 1 of t cabaret is held; Act 2 begins midnight. The "No-Trumpers was founded for the purpose presenting original plays, song and sketches written, compose and acted by their own members. T space available in the Metropole w strictly limit the tickets to 250, and it therefore advisable to make applicat at once. The profits of the perfor ance will go to the Middlesex Hosp Reconstruction Fund. Tickets, 30s. ea (including supper), may be obtain from Mrs. Sam Baer, 13, Maresfi Gardens, N.W. 3. Telephone Hampstead 0476.

ENGLISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

At the end of this month the Eng Close Championship takes pl at the Burnham and Berrow Course Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset. This we known course has made a remarka good recovery from the ravages of l year's drought, and by the time t Championship begins on the 28th inst should be in excellent order. Several tees have been made, and a good deal course improvement work of a gener character has been undertaken. At t stretch this delightful course provides real test of golf. All who enter for Championship can be assured that a thing will be left undone to make th visit enjoyable.

New Ford Beauty enthusiastically received



The New Ford Tudor Saloon

NEW Ford beauty, as shown throughout Great Britain, has been received with enthusiasm. Motorists have viewed the roomier and lower new bodies, new colours, new streamlines and stripings, new deeper radiator, new larger tyres, new flowing style and distinction. They have voiced a growing chorus of appreciation.

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The British Ford organization is increasingly realizing its goal: to bring within reach of more and more of the people the modern British made car with unusual performance, truly restful comfort, dependability that endures—value far above the price.

Now, the addition of new beauty and distinction represents a further Ford achievement on behalf of safe, enjoyable motoring. Take the time to study the new Ford cars. Ford Motor Company Limited, London and Manchester.

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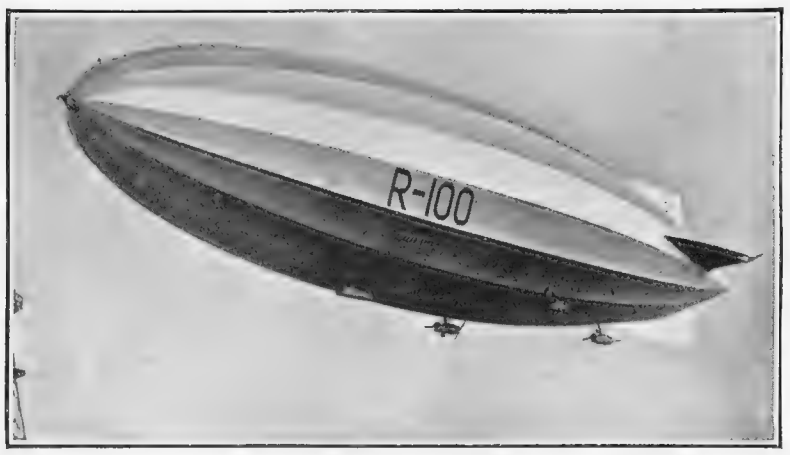

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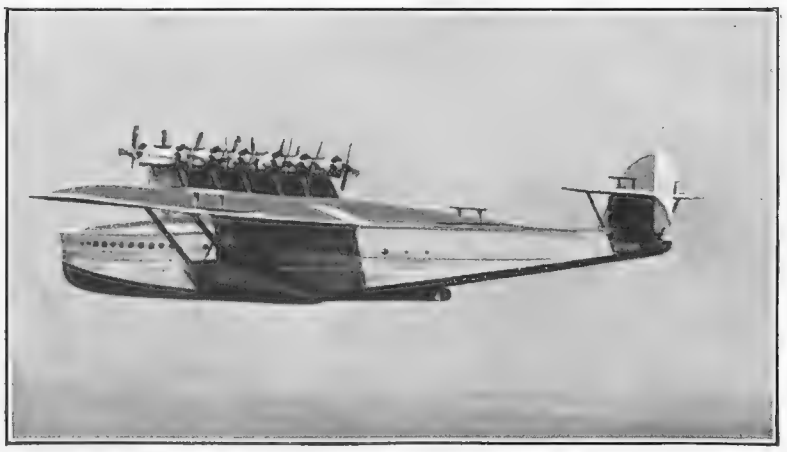

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The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF WORKMANSHIP. — Quite recently I spent a very interesting day on one of the latest 30-h.p. Straight Eight Lanchesters. If anyone is keen on automobile engineering I do not think they could derive greater pleasure from the examination of a car than they would from a casual inspection of this particular Lanchester chassis. This famous firm have always held a reputation for being original, and in many directions they have led the whole motor trade from the beginning of motoring.

The latest example of their handicraft shows that they have lost none of their old skill, and this particular Straight Eight chassis is without exaggeration a beautiful piece of workmanship. Appearance, however, does not carry anyone very far on the road of success, and so it is comforting to know that this car is as pleasant travelling along the road as it is to look at.

The particular car in which I drove was a very handsome saloon finished in exquisite style. In all I suppose the distance covered was about a hundred miles, and I doubt if I have ever spent a more pleasant time on the road than I did on that particular occasion. The word luxurious has been used in connection with so many motor-cars that it is difficult to find a proper adjective to employ in giving a description of travel in this Lanchester. The 30-h.p. engine seems to draw the car along in the most completely effortless way. The occupants are almost apt to forget that there is an engine at work, and I noticed that when the car was, as it were, free-wheeling, progression was not very much more silent than when the power was being transmitted through the transmission system. It is practically an impossibility to single out any special feature which is more praiseworthy than another, but it is the ability of the car to glide along silently, smoothly, and sweetly that appeals most to those who are lucky enough to sit inside. As regards all out speed, the speedometer on one occasion showed that we were travelling along at 75 m.p.h., but even at this speed there was no more fuss, clatter, or noise than when we were doing 20 m.p.h.

SILENT AND POWERFUL.—The Lanchester is undoubtedly a car which will appeal to what I might term the lazy driver. There is so much power in its eight cylinders, and so smoothly is that power given out, that gear-changing can almost be forgotten. It has an amazing appetite for gradients, which seem to be flattened out the moment the car approaches. The only noise that I could hear when travelling along was the ticking of the speedometer, that I think in itself is sufficient testimony of the general silence which was such an outstanding feature of the whole chassis. The car certainly costs a considerable amount of money, but then again, it is a car that should last for ever, and I should imagine that even after ten years of service it would still give as much pleasure to its owner as on the day when it was first bought.

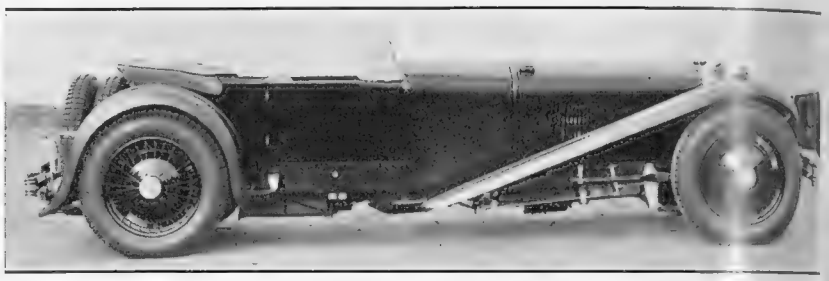
No matter where one investigates in this Lanchester chassis one finds that the designer has been there first. Every small detail has been thought out with a thoroughness which is quite refreshing. Nothing has been left to chance and everything has been made and designed so that any adjustments or repairs which may be necessary can be carried out with the utmost dispatch and with the least possible trouble.

A BODY WORTHY OF THE CHASSIS. — The coachwork on the car in question was a product of the chassis-makers, and it is difficult to decide in which branch of motor-car building that they excel most. It is such a high-grade chassis that it would be the height of foolishness to fit a second-rate body. I was, therefore, not surprised to find that on no occasion did a rattle, squeak, or clatter obtrude itself during the journey. The coachwork was completely noiseless and provided most astounding comfort for all the occupants. Some people may find it difficult to understand how any body costing £700 can be real value for money. To such doubters my advice is to examine and take a drive in an example of Lanchester coachwork, for there they will see body-making at its best.

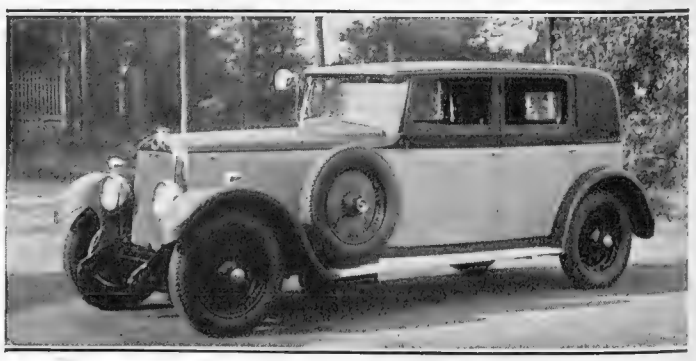
The Lanchester Motor Company do not pretend to turn out their cars on the mass-production system; the result is every chassis is a product of individual attention, and every purchaser obtains satisfaction. Personally, I would say from the small experience I have had with these cars that every purchaser immediately becomes a friend of the firm. Not only does the car itself do all that is claimed for it, but it does it in that pleasant way which makes motoring really enjoyable. In addition the purchaser of a Lanchester has a firm to deal with which has an individuality, and I cannot imagine any Lanchester owner, once he has come in contact with the various heads of the departments, going away dissatisfied.

THE R.A.C. TO ARMS.—In my notes last week I made reference to the various attempts which had been made to beat the Blue Train. I am glad to find that the R.A.C. has now taken the matter up very strongly and has made it quite clear that it will act, and act quickly, if the practice is continued. Whilst chatting over this subject with a friend

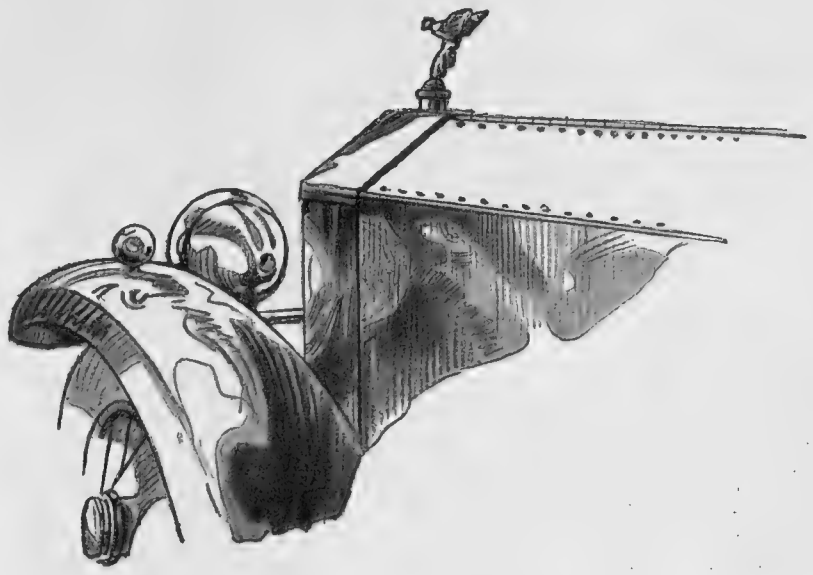
(Continued on following page)



A Symphony in Steel: A 50-h.p. Double-Six underslung Daimler chassis fitted with a body by Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly. This ultra-modern car was recently supplied by Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Limited, to Captain C. B. Wilson



Audited and Found Correct: The 30-h.p. Straight Eight Lanchester which was tested by Mr. Bradley, whose notes in the accompanying article aptly describe this excellent example of engineering skill



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Its braking, its steering, its road-holding, its springing, its absolute obedience (one could almost call it servility) are a triumph of the mechanical art.

—"The Tatler"

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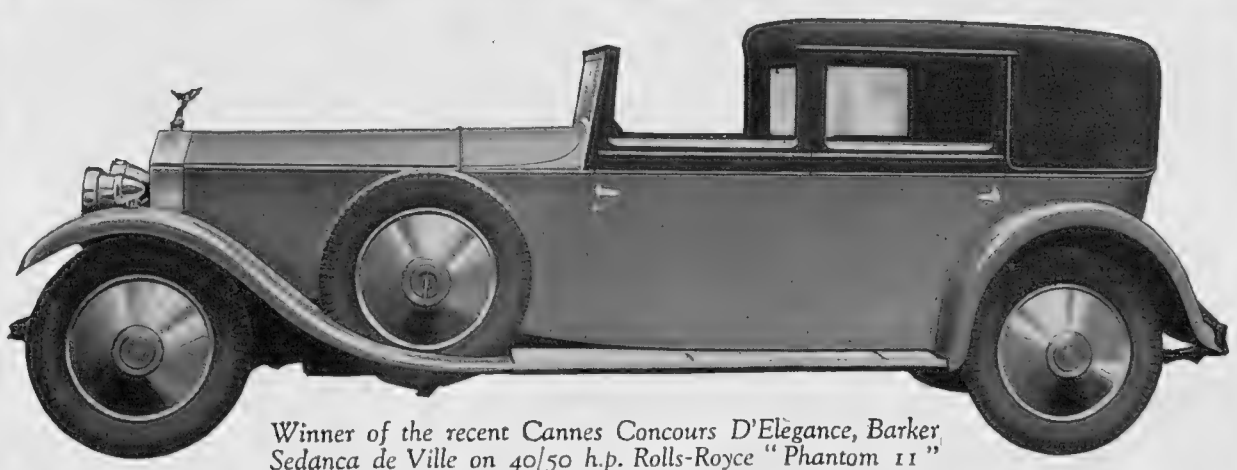

Winner of the recent Cannes Concours D'Elegance, Barker Sedanca de Ville on 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce "Phantom II" Chassis, with extension over driver rolled back.

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for my own private use I would drive no other than a Riley '9'—it is indeed a Wonder Car."

T. T. W. Essendine.

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and ask for catalogues and "The Riley Record"

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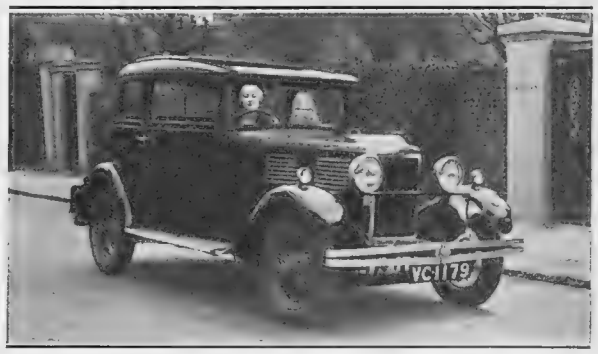
The PETROL World

(Continued from p. 98.)

the other day he laughed at the idea of the R.A.C. doing anything drastic, because he thought that it had no power. There may be other motorists who are of the same opinion, that the governing body of motorists is helpless in such matters and that its threats of action are mere idle words. Let me point out, however, that the R.A.C. has a very strong weapon which it can wield in such cases. It can disqualify a *marque* from entering in competitions in this country, or it can even go further and suggest to the International body in Paris that the *marque* should be disqualified throughout the world. When it is remembered that every race, every reliability trial, and every rally can only be held under an R.A.C. permit, this disqualification is a very serious matter. I do not know, but it is possible that the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders might also join in the reprimand, in which case the way of the transgressor would indeed be thorny.



Setting a "Standard": Miss Binnie Hale, the popular musical comedy star, in her 6-cylinder Standard tourist coupé—one of the best Light Sixes on the market

MECHANICAL DIETETICS.—Before starting off on a holiday it should always be remembered that although the modern car is wonderfully reliable it does not pay to feed it with poor materials. The human body does not like inferior foodstuffs, and so it can scarcely be expected that a piece of mechanism so complicated as a car works at its best when given poor petrol or low-grade oil. Any of the well-known brands of petrol which are sold at practically every filling station can be looked upon as likely to give satisfactory results, but my own personal experience has shown me that the new B P leaves practically nothing to be desired. It gives the engine that snap which makes all the difference when taking a tour in a hilly country, and yet it does not give rise to any pinking or knocking in the engine. I have had an opportunity of seeing it under test, and its properties were then demonstrated to me.

Then, again, so far as my motoring is concerned, I seldom use anything but Wakefield Castrol Oil. Here, again, I do not wish to imply that other grades of oil are not excellent, on the contrary I know that many of them give hundreds of motorists the utmost satisfaction, but I can speak of Castrol after running on it for years, and I can truthfully say I have never been able to trace any trouble due to its use.

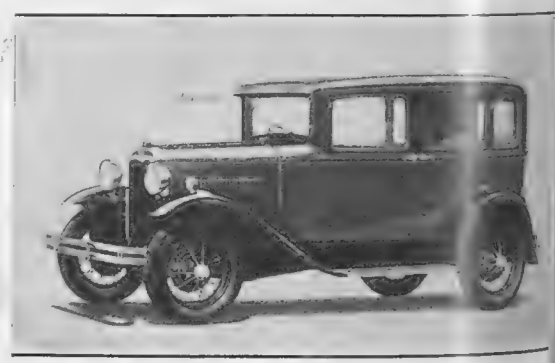
On the credit side, I feel certain that much of the smooth running and the freedom from trouble with various engines I have controlled has been due in no small way to the qualities of the oil. British competitors in many notable events, both on land and sea, owe much of their success to this lubricant.

"THE SINGER SHOWS 'EM."—Many motorists in our Dominions harbour the impression that the British light car, whilst suitable enough for town work, is no use for their country roads. This was a complaint put recently to the South African agents for Singer cars, who promptly denied it and promised to prove their opinions.

In order to do this they at once organized a tour with a Singer Junior round the Union of South Africa. A local pressman went as a passenger and it was arranged that the official seal of the mayor should be obtained at each town or city on the route.

An enthusiastic crowd bid good-bye to the pair at Durban and then began a run of nearly 3,000 miles, for the most part over roads which would deter the ordinary British motorist. Certain stretches, of course, were good, and the thirty-six miles from Johannesburg to Pretoria were covered in forty-three minutes, the haste being due to the driver's desire to reach Pretoria before the Mayor (and his seal) ceased work for the day. In other places, however, the conditions were appalling. The first river encountered nearly submerged the little car, but it got through, for lengths of rubber hosing leading high into the air had been attached to the exhaust pipe and to the air intake. The second river tackled had eight cars abandoned on its banks; some of them had been there for four days. In addition to fixing the hose-pipes, however, the driver and passenger of the Singer wrapped up the sparking plugs and magneto with rags saturated in grease. As the car reached the centre of the stream all that could be seen by the passenger (who presumably used a foot-bridge) was the driver's head and shoulders and the top of the windscreen. Nevertheless the crossing was made under power and without mishap.

At last the pair reached Durban. The only trouble experienced in the whole run was a broken spring, due to an execrable patch of road being struck when the car was travelling at 50 m.p.h. Despite the day's delay which this entailed—for a new spring had to be made—and many other delays caused by the difficulty in finding the various mayors and obtaining the seals and signatures, the 3,000 miles was covered in 14½ days, and this over some of the worst roads in the Union.



The Most Popular Car in the World: An example of the new Ford Fordor saloon, which is obtainable in either 14 or 24-h.p. rating. The model is fitted with stainless steel head-lamps, radiator, hub-caps, etc., and an unsplinterable glass windscreen

South African motorists no doubt have revised their opinions of the suitability of British small cars for their country roads.

FOR THE EVER-GROWING ARMY.—In order to provide for the large extension of work produced by increased membership, the R.A.C. last year found it necessary to enlarge and improve the office accommodation at the Club's Manchester, Leeds, Bournemouth, Birmingham, Newcastle, and Liverpool offices. In addition a new provincial office was opened in Edinburgh, and new port offices at Dover, Harwich, Folkestone, and Liverpool. Extensions are also being carried out in connection with the offices at Cardiff, Oxford, and Belfast. The R.A.C. Provincial Offices are completely equipped for the supply of touring and other information, and are not only a great boon to members living in the locality but also to those touring in the district and requiring a convenient local headquarters.

Popular Phrases Illustrated

"Raising a shout"

A fervid 'Blue' parked on the shore
Extolling his favourite crew, swore
"For rhythm so sweet
And pep you can't beat –"
"BP" came the crowd's mighty roar!

The New "BP"

Puts New Life into Your Car

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AN OLD FRIEND LONG BEFORE IT IS AN OLD CAR

The beauty of friendship as compared with relationship lies in the fact that whereas your relations are made for you, you can choose your own friends.

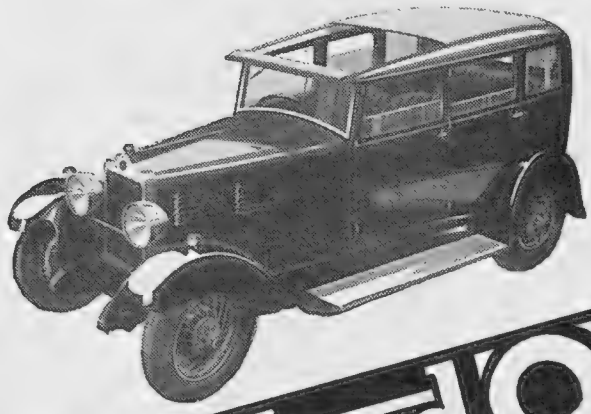
That is one reason why you should choose a "Standard" as your next car —you'll never make a better friend.

There's no doubt about it—this is a "Standard" year! Immediately they were introduced—the famous "nine" and the 2-Litre 6 Cylinder — each model was accepted by the public as easily the best in its class, and the old adage that "Nothing succeeds like success" is certainly proving true where the "Standard" is concerned!

The Standard "Nine" Saloons from £185.

The Standard 2-Litre 6 Cylinder Saloons from £325.

There's interesting literature awaiting any enthusiastic motorist.



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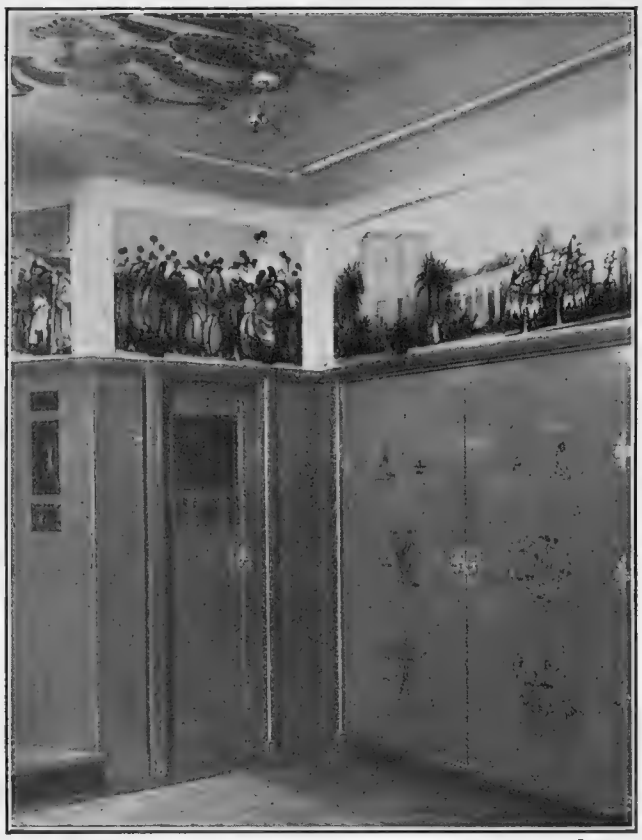

Lenare

RED LACQUER: A corner of the spacious chamber which forms the enlarged tropical department at Austin Reed's of Regent Street

THE RED LACQUER ROOM

The red lacquer room is an elaborate development of the original Austin Reed tropical department. Its artistic magnificence is the result of an effort to produce a shop for travellers worthy of its national and international situation. The decorative scheme, which captures so much of the charm of an Eastern setting, is an expression of a long-established Austin Reed principle, namely, to give men every opportunity to buy their clothes in appropriate and pleasant surroundings. Mr. Austin Reed commissioned Mr. Fred Taylor, R.I., who recently completed a scheme of mural decoration for Lloyds, to paint a series of scenes from various parts of our tropical Empire. London has a unique reputation for authoritative knowledge on questions of masculine attire. It is, therefore, rather appropriate that London's new shop, created to give a specialized service to international travellers, should stand in one of London's most central thoroughfares—in the famous Regent Street Quadrant. The red lacquer room is the name of that part of the new Austin Reed building devoted to the service of overseas customers. The red lacquer room is in charge of an expert who has spent many years in various parts of the world, and who has had exceptional opportunities of studying the problems of the international wardrobe. In addition to advice upon the subject of what to buy in London and what to buy abroad, he can be useful in a great many ways to men travelling to parts of the world of which they have had no previous experience. In the department the firm has a great store of detailed knowledge and experience which it is only too pleased to place at the service of travellers at any time. It is a matter of pride with the firm to help customers to avoid unnecessary expenditure. There can be no generalizations about tropical outfits. There are so many varieties of tropical climates and so many social customs to be observed that every case must be dealt with individually. In the red lacquer room the man faced with the problem of going to some distant part of the world has at his disposal the resources of a unique organization.

There is no shop in the world so well equipped to help him. In addition to the many expert services which Austin Reed's offer, it possesses the supreme advantage of saving time. In one building a man can discuss the latest ideas in eve sartorial sphere. He can see his hatter, hosier, tail and shoemaker all within a few minutes. He can ha his clothes valeted. He can enjoy the services of expert in the magnificently appointed barber's shop, he can make use of the bath and changing rooms.

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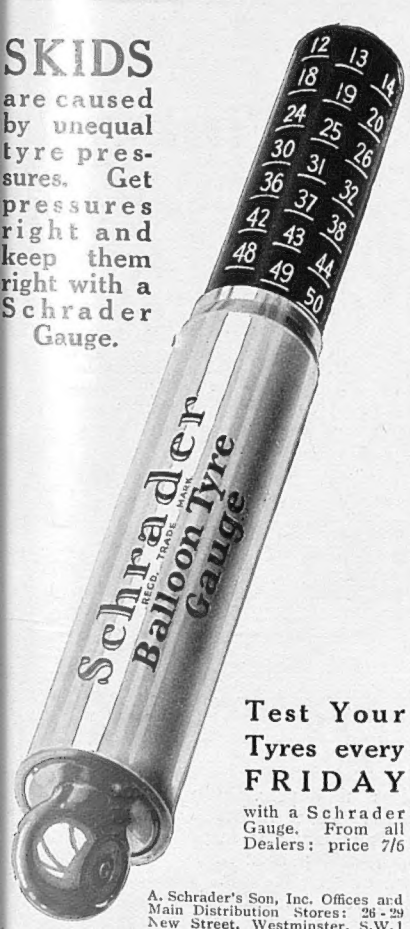

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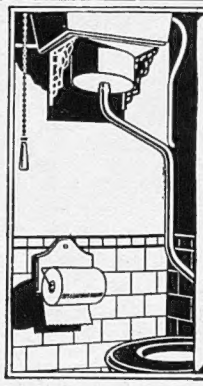

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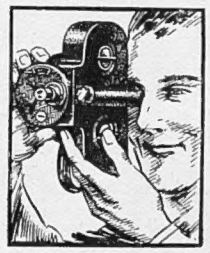

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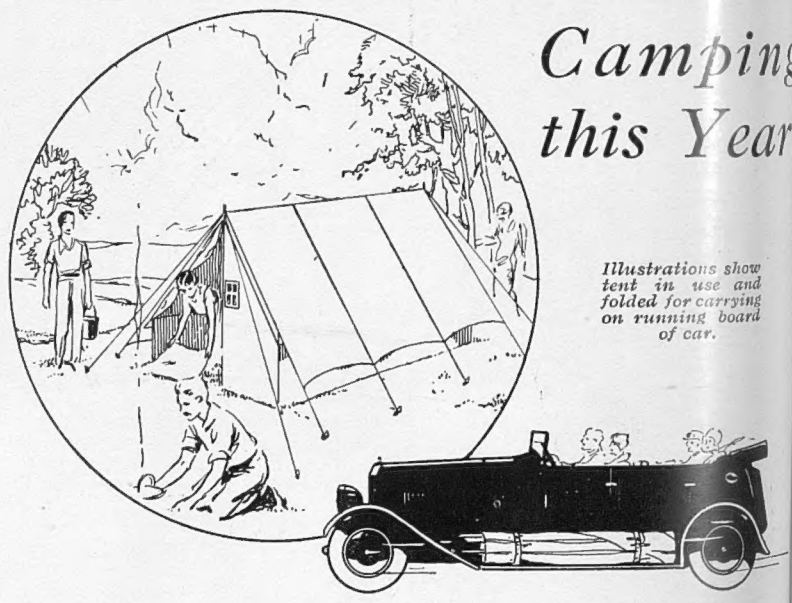
MOTORISTS! Go Motor Camping this Year.



Illustrations show tent in use and folded for carrying on running board of car.

GAMAGES Feature the Ideal Tent

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What are they likely to become?

Plan your Child's Career by his HANDWRITING

"Writing is for adults a very simple operation — indeed, nearly automatic, and unconscious, performed without mental strain and purely reflex. For the child, however, writing is a very complex process. for he has not yet developed that matter-of-course routine of dealing with his materials; has not yet acquired the habit of an unvarying hold of the pen, neither as regards the pressure nor its angle in relation to the paper. The child changes constantly and apparently whimsically the position of the pen, and instead of writing words as complete units, adds one letter to another and builds . . . ."

"Amongst the many things we are able to diagnose from a child's script is an approaching physical crisis or a threatened danger . . . ."

Every Parent should read this remarkable article

By ROBERT SAUDEK

The Psychologist of Handwriting

The caligraphy of the rising generation is of vast importance to all those interested in child welfare. You can get the April issue of BRITANNIA & EVE at any bookstall, or your newsagent will be glad to deliver it to your home — now and every month.

BRITANNIA AND EVE

April Issue — One Shilling

Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic.

"Ha! I begin to see daylight."

Lord Bob : "It's very good of you to explain, but I'm afraid I'm rather dense ; even now I don't understand the point."

Sir Edward : "Hang it all, man, it's as plain as a pikestaff. The Tote returned DARIAN at 123/1."

Lord Bob : "That's indisputable."

Sir Edward : "But suppose you were racing that day and invested a tenner on it, what price do you think you would have been paid ? "

Lord Bob : "123/1, I presume."

Sir Edward : "Nonsense ; another tenner DARIAN on the Tote would have reduced the odds to about 25/1 ; there was only about £3 on it."

Lord Bob : "Ha ! I begin to see daylight ; you mean that if I had a tenner on it there would have been £13 on DARIAN instead of £3 and the odds reduced accordingly."

Sir Edward : "Exactly, but if you wired the tenner to Duggie, you wouldn't have altered the odds and would have been paid 123/1."

Lord Bob : "Why ? "

Sir Edward : "Because Duggie doesn't receive your wires until after the race. The money doesn't go back to the Tote and the Pools are not disturbed."

Lord Bob : "Splendid ! Many thanks for the tip, old man ; it's Duggie for me in future."

Sir Edward : "Yes, and what's more, one bets on credit like a gentleman should. *That's why I'm so enthusiastic about him.*"

Follow Sir Edward's advice—
Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client

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